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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME II — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1926 — NUMBER 30

An American Tragedy

HERE is a story:—

A weak, ineffective son of a futile family escapes from the flatness of their life by etting a job as "bellhop" in a hotel. He is good-ooking and of a pleasing modesty—his only virtues —and his "personality," as they say in business, rings in easy money and speedy opportunities for ild vice. A rich, but otherwise negligible, uncle ives him a minor executive position in a collar fac-ory. He seduces a girl in his department and a ttle later is dazzled and attracted by a flapper of ie smart local world who, being weak in mind and haracter, and susceptible to good looks, wants to iarry him. In order to rid himself of girl number ne, who is about to have a child, he plans what will eem to be an accidental drowning in a lonely lake. Ie loses his nerve at the last moment, but the boat overturned by accident and he lets the girl drown. rrested, he goes through the interminable murder ial full of chicanery and sentiment which is the elight of the American press. He is convicted, and ends his last days trying to understand why he did , trying to decide whether he was really guilty, but nding no clear answer. A poor thing he lived, a or thing he died.

This is the plot of Theodore Dreiser's "An Amer-an Tragedy" in two volumes, a work occasionally ignant, occasionally intense in its realism, often eadly dull, usually a monotonous narrative of verything that happened in the course of Clyde riffiths' short, worthless, and almost meaningless fe.

* * *

And here is another story:—

Mary Teague is left an orphan in charge of a reat but ruinous plantation where she lives with ie younger children of the family. She has had ttle education and few social contacts; her father vas a spendthrift and drunkard, her mother a beauti-ul but foolish woman. The boorish sons of neigh-oring planters try to frighten her into selling the ld place, one in particular tries to drive her into narrying him. She fights back with the assistance f a quiet, but resourceful, farm manager whom she as hired to run the estate. The neighbors' malicious ricks are foiled. Love springs up between the man nd the girl. But she is a great lady, and he (though bviously better educated and more civilized) only paid employee. In order to win him, she sells the lantation, gives all the money to the younger chil-lren, and takes a job as millhand. He pursues her, nd they are about to be married when she discovers hat he is a Harvard man, immensely rich, who had been sent south to lead an open air life. Consterna-tion and refusal on her part, for now she is only a millhand. The plot is solved by a forest fire on the deserted plantation where they have gone together to search for a missing deed. Ringed round by fire for two days, matrimony is the only way out.

This is a fair specimen of the kind of American story which was selling by hundreds of thousands when Dreiser wrote his "Jennie Gerhardt"—which is still being written, and still sells. The picture of life is false, the philosophy of life is shallow, the motives of the characters are not true motives, their behavior is not true behavior. The hero is always heroic, the heroine invariably pure, the villains all black. Reading such a book, Theodore Dreiser may have said, I shall write a true story where everything is exactly as it might have been in the America I know. But when he came to write he found that the America he knew was so different from the fiction written about it that only a mountain of evi-dence would prove the reality of his story. There-fore, he described (in his recent novel) every mo-ment of a "bellhop's" day, including his night ad-ventures. He spent pages upon a minute record of every sordid detail of moral cowardice. His char-acters were made to speak with such painful fulness that they began to seem even less real than the senti-mental stereotypes of the other story. And to be sure that nothing was left out, he stretched his nar-rative to two volumes.

This is the literary history of Theodore Dreiser, an honest man, though no artist, driven into a fury of determined realism by the cheap and fluent senti-mentalists who sold a cosmetic called American life

(*Continued on next page*)

Snowfall

By MARJORIE MEEKER

AT noon the elfin flakes began to fall.
The air was intricate with such a flight
Of unsubstantial bloom as left on all
The earth a lovely petaling of light.

A wide swift radiance dazzled earth and air;
There was no rich disguise, no gold to mar
The hushed and heaping whiteness anywhere
Till all the city was a silver star.

(*And in our loneliness and pride we said,*
This is that city gained in one lost breath,
The many-petaled city of the dead—
Those are the muted corridors of death . . .)

Now noon went out in white; and we who feared
The ebbing tide of day, the loss of light,
Watched how the subtle wings of twilight veered
In blue obscurities until the bright

Curved crystal moon, of carven light and dew
Wove crystal spells she may not weave well twice . . .
O night of still strange bloom! The white hours through
The star-like city burned, all fire and ice.

(*And in our loneliness and pride we dreamed*
This was that easeful city pale with rime
Of ancient sleep, where cliffs of silence gleamed
With hoar of space and drift on drift of time.)

This Week

"The Hounds of Spring." Reviewed by *Anne Parrish.*

"Mr. Secretary Walsingham." Reviewed by *Wallace Notestein.*

"The New Negro." Reviewed by *Oswald Garrison Villard.*

The Ass of Chartres. By *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

Next Week, or Later

"The Plumed Serpent." Reviewed by *Elinor Wylie*

"The College President." Reviewed by *Noble H. MacCracken*

Parson Yorick

Reviewed by J. B. PRIESTLEY

Author of "The English Comic Characters"

IT is difficult to imagine that there will ever be a better life of Sterne than Professor Cross's "The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne,"* so admirably organized and written, so full of necessary facts and yet moving so easily. The work is a revision and enlargement of a former one, bearing the same title, that was published in 1909 and has been out of print for several years. A certain number of new facts have come to light; letters not previously available have been pressed into service; and, as Professor Cross tells us, "in the light of all new knowledge" the former work has been so revised that this new one may be regarded as something more than an ordinary enlargement. He must be congratulated. The author is a sympathetic yet temperate and critical biographer, who does not lose himself and his subject in a mist of idolatry, nor yet sacrifice truth and honesty to the easy picturesque and to theory-mongering. He is not a member of that contemporary school of biographers who write long books about men in order to prove that they were not worth writing long books about, who begin with a strange hostility to and contempt for their subjects and contrive to turn them, before the end of the first chapter has been reached, into grotesque little puppets.

This is very fortunate for us, if only because Sterne is a great temptation to the devotees of the easy picturesque in biography. His name and his fame have already suffered from them. There is, for example, Thackeray, against whom one does not wish to say a word now that he is rapidly becoming a great neglected and undervalued genius, but whose "English Humorists," nevertheless, excellent reading as they are, must be voted a nuisance by everyone with any sense of critical honesty. They throw a false light upon so many Eighteenth Century men of letters. Thackeray could not resist easy emotional effects in these lectures, and it is perhaps a pity that he did not accept the advice of his club acquaintance and enlist the aid of a piano. Thus, if he had had a little music, it might not then have been necessary to have daubed the portrait of Sterne in such crude colors, to have made of this great stylist and whimsical fellow a raw-head-and-bloody-bones.

Professor Cross, like the stout biographer he is, heads straight for some of these prevalent misconceptions and challenges them to combat. He proves conclusively that Sterne did not, for example, turn aside from a starving mother. Byron's famous remark, "He preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother," has in it as much truth as most smart antitheses. Sterne's conduct, as shown by the elaborate vindication of himself he addressed to his uncle and by the facts, was that of a conscientious son who meant to deal justly and even generously with a parent for whom he had no great love. All the facts go to prove that in all his relationships, Sterne was never at any time ungenerous, cruel, and absolutely selfish. His conduct at any time would compare favorably with that of Tom, Dick, and Harry. As a son, husband, and father, he had his faults, but who has not? He was a middle-aged flirt, but there is no reason for us to point to the fact in horror, as if a middle-aged flirt were a

* THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LAURENCE STERNE. By WILBUR L. CROSS. New Haven: Yale University Press. 2 vols. 1925. $7.

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kind of monster unheard of in the world. He took the cap and bells and what was indisputably a pagan outlook into the pulpit, but his century was full of parsons who took worse things there or who never mounted the pulpit stairs at all. The fact is, of course, that the very people who are always telling us that authors are a set of sad dogs are unconsciously paying a tribute to authorship, for they really imply that they have a higher standard of conduct for authors than they have for ordinary men. If not, then they overlook the fact that in the same searching light of publicity the lives of butchers and bakers (who are not even subject to the same temptations) would seem no better, perhaps worse. What seem little more than amusing weaknesses among our acquaintances are frequently transformed into monstrous vices when they are discovered in a dead author.

We can, with the help of Professor Cross, free Sterne from some of the graver charges, and can recognize that in most of his relationships he played a not discreditable part. Yet this does not rob the old taunts of all their sting. And the reason is plain. Sterne entered literature as the professor of an exquisite sensibility. Ethical systems, moral codes, rigid standards of conduct, were not for him; he waved them aside; for him the pitying heart, the melting tear. His object is to make us sensitive to all manner of little things, a dead ass among them. You shall, he tells us in effect, shed tears where you never thought to shed them. He introduced, with marked effect on the literature of Europe, the deliberate sentimental attitude. So far, so good. But now, faced with such a person, we feel we have a right to judge him by something more delicate than the ordinary standards of conduct. If he is so exquisitely sensitive in all the small concerns of life, we rightly feel that he ought to be even more exquisitely sensitive in the larger ones. It would be almost an insult to judge him as we do the rough-and-tumble Toms and Dicks. The result is that when [illegible]id that he was no better than they are, he [illegible]liately becomes a great deal worse. We ex[illegible]ensibility to begin at home. But Sterne's [illegible]; began a long way from home; we notice [illegible]t least where we should reasonably expect to find it most, in the more important relationships of this life. While he can brood pathetically over a dead ass or an old coach, we also find that he can point out coolly, though not unkindly, to his mother who has crossed the sea to make her home with him that she would be better off where she was; so that we are instantly repelled and suspect his famous sensibility to be nothing better than a trick. We resent having our emotions stirred by a grinning mountebank, and this feeling is at the root of the hostile criticism that has so often been directed against him.

He was not a hypocrite. His latest biographer takes care to show us how absurd that charge is. "No portrait," he remarks, "could be further from the truth, for Sterne never pretended to be other than he was. Such qualities as nature gave him—whether they be called virtues or whether they be called vices—he wore upon his sleeve." Of this there can be no doubt. Sterne was simply a sensation-monger, a taster of life. He can talk of passion, but it is doubtful if he ever felt any. Professor Cross, in his Character of Sterne, appears to me to under-estimate the intellectual and over-estimate the emotional side of his subject's mind. That Sterne was no Hume or Diderot, had little or no logical or organizing power, is obvious; but there is nevertheless a considerable power of intellect behind his wit and humor. There is more of that absolute philosophic kind of humor in "Tristram Shandy" than most readers would appear to suspect. On the other hand, in spite of evidence to the contrary (such as the account of his Eliza period that Professor Cross gives us, when he would be awake for nights pacing his room or weeping), it is very doubtful if he was a really emotional man. Sensation-mongers never are. There is something cool and untouched, the thing that tastes and is never engulfed, at the heart of them.

More virile and masculine men, like Johnson and Fielding, probably experienced more genuine emotion in a week than Sterne did in all his life. The latter was probably never altogether possessed by an emotion, and that is why he may be regarded as the high priest of the sentimentalists, who do not respond healthily and naïvely to experience but go looking for sensations. This explains Sterne's sexual attitude, in his life and work, for he was an amorous man destitute of virility and passion. He was for ever occupied gleefully counting the small change of sexual experience. Sterne's persistent flirting, a very different business from the mere lustful intrigues of many of his friends, is very significant, for your flirt is an elaborate pretender, who is hot outside and cool inside, who is all the time watching himself and enjoying the sensations that flicker across his mind. And that, I think, is really the secret of Sterne, the habit of mind that made him the great literary artist he is.

This is a matter into which Professor Cross does not enter very fully, perhaps because he assumed that it was outside his province. But Sterne's literary genius is, naturally, the most interesting thing about him, and, as it happens, it is most of him. He was an artist first and last. He is the literary sense personified. He could be easily moved on the surface, but not so much moved as to be incapable of realizing just how he was moved. He was able to be the spectator of his own mind. There is always one part of him sitting coolly in the stalls, notebook in hand, watching the show and at the same time casting about for the right word, the exact cadence. Even before he had written a word, or at least anything beyond a letter and a sermon, it is more than likely that the literary artist, the man who finds his satisfaction in recording life, was there, practising in talk so that when the time comes to begin "Tristram Shandy" it is all plain sailing. And these years of talk among his cronies at York and at Crazy Castle, though they appear to be so much time wasted, are in reality a magnificent preparation. In his library, he had a well-thumbed set of the great humorists, Cervantes, Rabelais, Burton, Montaigne, and the rest. Round about him, he had a number of eccentrics, whimsical, learned, individualistic figures, and behind them, those memories of his childhood, when he roamed from camp to camp. And then, years of witty talk to a set of friends who could meet him half way, who did not need to have every "t" crossed and "i" dotted, who could catch the flying wit and humor.

* * *

Given a man of this habit of mind, given this background and experience, and "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey" seem less like a pure miracle in literature than they did, though this, of course, takes away nothing from their greatness. It is frequently asserted that Sterne's genius lies in his creation of character. But admirable as the Shandies are, purely and simply as characters, it is not strictly in the creation of them that Sterne is so great. "The Sentimental Journey" is without characters in this larger sense, and yet it takes its place by the side of "Tristram Shandy" and has even been given the preference by some good judges. No, the genius of Sterne lies in his manner of presentation and his style. He brought individuality into narration as no one had brought it before him. He did not write like a committee addressing a vast solemn public but like a man talking with his friends. He gave a new turn to the art of narration and must be considered one of the parents of modern fiction. Coleridge, as usual, touched the mark long ago when he pointed out that one of his excellencies consists:

> in bringing forward into distinct consciousness those minutiae of thought and feeling which appear trifles, yet have an importance for the moment, and which almost every man feels in one way or other. Thus is produced the novelty of an individual peculiarity, together with the interest of a something that belongs to our common nature.

He made the discovery that if he looked after the pence in his narrative, the reader could look after the pounds. He touched in, with matchless art, the telling details, the sensations and odd fancies flickering across the mind, and left the rest to look after itself, with the result that his narrative seems, even to this day when so many have copied his tricks, extraordinarily fresh and vivid, if only because it is freely colored by the reader's own imagination, which has been cunningly stimulated.

His century was a time in which the obvious was insisted upon at some length in literature. Its authors may be seen moving out in their first chapters like modern liners leaving dock. The individual, the particular, was swallowed up in the general. Each author wrote as if he were seven or eight men, and seemed to address whole nations. All that is dropped in Sterne. He can take us over to France in a couple of sentences in "The Sentimental Journey." There and in "Tristram Shandy," you may find any number of things you do not like, plagiarisms from old authors, tedious witticisms and mountebankery, tiresome timid obscenity, and all the rest, but there too you will find not merely some scenes that are among the most vivid in all literature, but also for the first time fully one half of the devices now common among novelists and essayists.

"Writing, when properly managed, is but a different name for conversation," Sterne remarked; and this was his stylistic creed. At a time when prose style, with its elaborate periods, its balanced antitheses, and so forth, was as far removed, in choice of words, organization and cadence, from men's talk, Sterne artfully contrived his prose on the basis of talk, even adopting a system of punctuation that is purely and simply a notation for the ear through the eye. You may see in his long dashes a whimsically lifted eyebrow. He did not, to use his own phrase, "go cluttering away like hey-go mad," for though he wrote quickly, he toiled away at revision; but the effect he tried to produce, and did produce, was that of a companion at ease, cluttering away like hey-go mad. The witty and impulsive creature in him, talking away in one circle for years before writing, gave him the substance of his books. The cool artist in him, who was always there, who could cunningly adapt passages, wet with his tears, from his Journal and letters for "The Sentimental Journey," and tears or no tears always knew what word to change, what cadence to modify, perfected the form, formless though it may appear, and gave it its inimitable grace.

The lanky bohemian parson from the Yorkshire wilds, the philandering wit who conquered London and Paris for a season or so, these had their little day, none too bright and all too brief. But Yorick the literary artist has lived on and on. His sentiment went like the plague across the Continent. His odd glancing humor went even further and has lasted to this day. His whimsical laughter-and-tears individualism in literature was undoubtedly one of the great Romantic influences. His innovations in the presentation of scene and character, in the selection of bright detail; the subjectivity of his narrative; the personal conversational flavor of his style, these wound their way into the methods of European fiction. As a man he is to be encountered in Professor Cross's admirable and satisfying biography. As a literary artist, he is to be met, directly, in his two great books, and indirectly, as an influence, in fully one third of the notable volumes produced since his death.

An American Tragedy

(*Continued from preceding page*)

by quantity production. Such minute and tedious realism had gone bankrupt in France long ago when Zola's novels were seen to be too scientific for fiction, and too fictitious for science. It was quite unnecessary to shovel the dirt of the streets again into a book, saying, I will be honest even if my readers die of it. A truer realism had been practiced by many writers. But Dreiser could not endure the thought of all the true things happening every day in factories and homes with no record of them, and his plodding German honesty drove him to write and write and write about a poor feeble boy who never had an idea in his head except to get "classy clothes" and a girl, as if he had a Hamlet on his hands, or at least a Martin Arrowsmith.

Every country gets the Dreisers it deserves, and the dulness, the rude power, the sticky humanitarianism, the tremendous laborings of ours, only prove that the reality of American life was so unlike our popular fiction that he could never get beyond a dazed determination to overwhelm us with the unpleasant facts. He is an American tragedy. And yet his place in American literary history is secure, and you must admire him, even if it is impossible to read, without skipping, in his books.

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Dead and Alive

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING. By SYLVIA THOMPSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926.

Reviewed by ANNE PARRISH
Author of "The Perennial Bachelor"

HERE is a book by a very young author with a noble theme—that spiritual evasion, the refusal to go straight through whatever life offers, whether pain or bliss, must deform the soul. It is written with an almost stern steadiness, keeping to the straight road of the story with never any wandering off into fields or forest paths; it is written with intense feeling, with utter seriousness. No one is ever absurd (except one character part, Miss Grimmer, introduced, one feels, conscientiously as "comic relief"), no happening is ever insignficant. The characters never talk to each other—they converse in purest English, or make long speeches on economics, ethics, or international politics. Miss Thompson's knowledge of politics amazes me, and here I am utterly at sea. Impressed and depressed, I fold my hands and sink beneath the deep waters.

Colin and Zina are to be married, and Colin makes love in a manner as slow, soft, tender, whimsical, and murmurous, is so charming to his elders, is so cultured, and has such high ideals, that he seems too perfect for this earth until he really comes alive for a moment by diving ungracefully and landing on his stomach with a smack. But that is his one lapse. He is quickly back in character, delivering a lecture to Sir Edgar Renner, Zina's father, on Meredith's poetry, with selections, to which Sir Edgar replies with two and a half pages of history and politics. Colin is humorous, too. We are told so many times, although few proofs are given. The chief one is when he "in a fantastic humor" saw Zina and three other tennis players "hopping like giant white fleas. He thought: 'Who, even among the extravagances of amorous simile used by the Elizabethans, ever believed his lady to be a white flea?' "

* * *

Then comes the war, and Colin and Zina part. And these puppets become startlingly alive. They live, their pain is real. After that, throughout the book, they and the other characters change back and forth bewilderingly. For pages they will be a ventriloquist's dummies, opening and shutting their mouths while the same voice speaks through them—then suddenly they are living, suffering men and women. And as you read, flooded by their emotion, a word, and they are dummies again, opening and shutting their mouths.

Colin is reported killed, and Zina, still loving him, but unable to face the blackness and emptiness of life alone, marries George Barrett-Saunders. That she should drift into such a marriage numbly, without really seeing or feeling George, seems perfectly possible, but that she should do so seeing every fault and drawback, really disliking him, is hard to believe. A few days before her wedding she answers her father's: "Do you love him at all, Zina?" with "No. He has only a physical attraction for me: and the sort of life he leads will keep me occupied. Politics, a certain amount of entertaining." But driving to the Church to her marriage, the disconcerting girl becomes alive again.

* * *

Of course Zina has only to marry George to have Colin, his memory suddenly restored, turn up in a Paris hospital. They both go through terrible times. But Colin is Colin still, after war, prison camp, illness, loss of Zina, after, in his own words, "filth and horror and futility," he can still be jarred by the word "pink" to describe a sunset. "Sunsets, when you felt their whispering, ethereal glow, their vast flooding light, as though the petals of millions of roses were turned to perfume and breathed in a strange still music over the heavens—sunsets weren't pink."

Colin is loved by Hope Chase, well described, although "The pearls coiled at the base of her narrow throat seemed to throttle a being less real, more evanescent . . . than themselves; her head and throat . . . might fade suddenly into the background . . . and leave the pearls coiling and gleaming in mid-air" does suggest the Cheshire Cat. And Zina has not only her George, but her little son Charles. Miss Thompson is splendid with children, and I don't believe her when after an enchanting glimpse of Charles at the Zoo she tells me he is not a charming child. But his mother does not love him, and in spite of Hope and George and Charles, Colin and Zina come together at last, and we leave them on a balcony overlooking Florence. And I only hope Zina never calls the sunset pink.

It is a big book, deeply felt and honestly written, with moments of real emotion. And not for one moment is there any nonsense about it.

The Portrait of a Snob

MARY GLENN. By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

AFTER "God's Stepchildren," "Mary Glenn." This new novel, hardly longer than an extensive novelette, proves that Mrs. Millin's simple, severe, mighty-limbed structure was not devised as a vehicle necessary for presenting five generations in three hundred pages, but that it exemplifies her method of writing fiction. For here, with a right to twice as much space as she uses, once again she is spare and direct.

"Mary Glenn" is written with so much selection, with so much restraint, with so much omission, that in both form and substance it emerges a perfect whole, rounded to portray the fundamental things in a woman's life and a woman's character. There are no loose ends, no details, no trivialties left which can add the minor and secondary aspects of that life and character; the portrait is a unit, it leaves nothing contradictory or impermanent in the woman. The book, too vital, too serious, too deeply rooted in human feelings to be a mere *tour de force* in art, is none the less a product of art too sublimated to be seen, in the final sense, like the immediate stuff

POET, EH ? SO THAT'S WHAT HE DOES 'ROUND HERE '
HERE IS HIS POEM RIGHT AT THE TOP OF MY COLUMN ! SPRETTY GOOD TOO !
LEW WALLACE ATTORNEY AT LAW
MEREDITH NICHOLSON, THE NOVELIST, WAS FIRST DISCOVERED AS A POET BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY WHEN HE WAS A STENOGRAPHER IN THE LAW OFFICE OF LEW WALLACE IN INDIANAPOLIS.

Cartoon from "At the Bottom of the Ladder," by Camillus Kessler (Lippincott).

of life. "Mary Glenn" amply satisfies the dictum that the raw material of life, through selectiveness, emphasis, and balance, should be transmitted into an artistic arrangement of life; yet I am not enthusiastic over its sublimated sort of reality. The book leaves one recognizing perfectly what type of woman Mary was, what was the outline of her life, and what the source of her tragedy—in other words, it leaves one with some very definite impressions. But one comes away remembering, and continuing to remember, none of those unforgettable details, none of those brain-limning incidents, none of those momentary revelations of character which great crowded novels bequeath, and which become incorporated in our lives as if they had been our personal experiences. One remembers Mary Glenn with the impersonality that one remembers the order of British peers or the demonstration of a syllogism.

Any one who read "God's Stepchildren" will know none the less that "Mary Glenn" must be engrossing, deeply sincere, admirably told, and sometimes moving. It is the story of a snobbish-minded woman, born of low-class parents in the Transvaal, who aches to belong to the best society in her meaningless Transvaal town. Hoping to dazzle the town, she marries a well-bred Englishman rather than a well-bred native who subsequently achieves local importance. It is only van Aardt's help that keeps the Glenns going, and all the time Mary's life is dominated by a single striving for position. Then tragedy—the loss of her little son—one day enters her life. The last third of the book shows the effect of such tragedy upon her.

As for Mary Glenn, Mrs. Millin is too honest and clear-sighted to make her a subject for false pathos. She simply exposes her contemptible ambition as the stupid, small-souled thing it is. I do not think that "Mary Glenn" has the pity or the strength or the inherent and at the same time demonstrated tragedy of "God's Stepchildren." The subject, by nature limited, is further limited by its point of attack. The book is without question something more than excellent virtuosity, but something less than a deeply significant picture of life. It leaves one as cold as "God's Stepchildren" left one warmed.

His Most Pagan Majesty

THE OLDEST GOD. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS CHANDLER GRAHAM

PAN, the all-inclusive name; Pan, the all-pervading god. What is there about this oldest god that makes him also the youngest? Why is it that, quite without particular legend, his name is of all the ancient gods oftenest on the lips of men today? Why, being almost the only god not honored by election to Olympus, has he never lacked for worshippers down the years? Perhaps it is because Pan has always absolved his followers from constancy. Here is a god to be enjoyed today, forsworn tomorrow, and re-embraced next week. Apostacy among his followers has never worried him nor has he ever turned his thoughts toward punishment. He knows too well that some hint of spring in the air, some flutter of wing in the sky, or some sudden leap in the blood will bring men back to him in time. He is not a jealous god, and has always been willing to take on the new in pleasure-seeking without relinquishing the old. The steady tread of the tired business man down the aisle of the current Follies may be less lovely than the light steps of youth in the Thessalian forests but the same finger beckons both, the finger that controls the stops in the pipes of Pan. Even the genius Barrie turned to His Most Pagan Majesty when he wanted a symbol for eternal youth, exorcising any vestiges of the demoniac by the kindly magic of a Christian name so that even the most timid may now have their Pan—with a pinch of Peter.

* * *

But there is no concession to timidity in the Pan whom Stephen McKenna most audaciously introduces into an English house-party in his latest novel, "The Oldest God." What bids fair to be a most boring Christmas week in Nateby Castle, owing to the ill-assorted group of guests gathered together by an over-eager American hostess, turns into a wild Saturnalia wherein the natural and the supernatural rub elbows in a sufficiently convincing, and awesome, manner. The havoc is precipitated by the most guileless member of the party. Professor Shapland, in a well-meant attempt to cover the conversational gaps at dinner, launches his theory concerning the origin of the devil's cloven hoof. His identification of this mark with the goat-hoof of Pan leads to a discussion of the two religions: Pan representing wild nature and Christ, asceticism. A vote is taken on the relative merits of the two, with six announcing themselves for Arcady and only four remaining on the side of the angels. The semi-darkness of the room is suddenly shattered by a strange, brilliant whiteness—the *deus ex machina*, literally, arrives in an automobile, and the story plunges into the abandonment of an uninhibited society. It is a point to note that the three women of utterly diverse types react in exactly the same manner once they have enlisted under the banner of "nature." Adela Glynde, an intellectual reserved woman with a complete contempt for the world, Jocelyn Arley, a naïve young American of much innocent charm, and Nora Helmsley, a rather vulgar *nouveau riche*, become sisters under their skins with a vengeance at the falling of the conventional bars. The men maintain more of their individuality, although it is in the manner, not the matter, of their enjoyments that they differ. After five days of hoof-prints on the garden paths at Nateby, the four abstainers are able to convince the revellers of the macabre character of their leader. Pan, sensing the situation, leaves, with a graceful gesture of renunciation—and England is herself again.

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Elizabethan Policy

MR. SECRETARY WALSINGHAM AND THE POLICY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. By CONYERS READ. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1925. 3 vols. $20.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN
Cornell University

THIS book may be commended to the general reading public interested in biographies, particularly those curious about Queen Elizabeth and her diplomacy, or to those who care to follow the career of one of England's great foreign ministers. To many the history of diplomacy is hardly the most interesting of topics, and certainly it is not that "new history," of which we have nowadays to hear so much. But Mr. Read has made it a story; by using all the arts of arrangement, he has given us what is likely long to remain the most readable account of Elizabeth's foreign affairs. The reader hurries on from page to page in search of the dénoûement, but that dénoûement is put off again and again—thanks of course to the ways of Elizabeth, but thanks also to Mr. Read's real gift of narrative—until the break with Spain.

Up to the present the only large scale biography of Walsingham has been that begun, though never carried beyond the first volume, by a careful German scholar, Karl Stählin. It is remarkable that no Englishman has attempted a complete account of Walsingham. Perhaps only a German or an American would have had the long patience required. At any rate years ago Mr. Conyers Read set about filling in this important gap. He has gone painstakingly through the great manuscript collections in England, he has availed himself of the printed materials of other countries, he has decoded the ciphers and straightened out the dating in letters beyond number. He has lived up to the creed of Gardiner that nothing is so important for the historian as to find out the exact order in which events occurred. Having collected and sorted a body of materials overwhelming in extent, he has packed the evidences of that research into terse and enlightening footnotes that interfere not at all with the smooth flowing narrative of the ready writer. The biography may fairly be called "definitive," a word that is of course always relative. In a century or possibly less, after new letters have been turned up in the attics of country houses, in the state paper offices of continental capitals, perhaps in the home of some private collector in Kansas City, another historian will come along with a "definitive" life of Walsingham and point out the shortcomings of Mr. Read.

* * *

Mr. Read has indicated the shortcomings of his predecessors, in footnotes—without overlooking their virtues. A great many details he has been able to correct or amplify; he has in many instances offered a more reasonable explanation of policy and come a little closer to probable motives. If no weighty conclusions of general significance appear, if the course of Elizabethan diplomacy remains much as we knew it before, that is not to his discredit. His many new bits of fact give an exacter basis for judgment. His judgments, however, rest not alone upon such a basis but upon thorough analysis and common sense.

He has valiantly resisted the temptation to make a hero of Walsingham. To many readers it will seem that in the majority of cases where Walsingham took issue with the Queen, he was the wiser. He had, what neither Burleigh nor the Queen possessed, a philosophy back of his policies, and he was withal, I am inclined to think, cleverer in seizing opportunity. His patience was passing that of Griselda. He saw plan after plan break down because the Queen was too cautious or too penny-wise, he endured her beratings for the consequent failures, and set out to build again. Mr. Read makes comments pertinent, but all too few; he is in the main content to tell the story, trusting the reader for the rest, but when he fears that his reader is exclaiming at the ways of the Queen, he stops to enter a caveat in her favor. He evidently does suspect that the great Lord Burleigh has been overpraised. It is hard for the reader not to conclude that in most respects Walsingham was the wiser Councillor. Mr. Read has been so objective that he has left the way open for some facile don to write on the basis of his work a short piece of brilliant generalization.

The notion of the far-seeing Elizabeth who in her combinations of courtship and diplomacy played a shrewd waiting game, the notion that Beesly has popularized, finds little justification in the story here told. Elizabeth's statecraft in foreign affairs was not worthy to be called even opportune. "How much of her attitude," says Read, "was the result of far-sighted statesmanship, and how much merely an inherent inability to follow any vigorous course of action it will always be difficult to say. Mr. Read's readers will think that it is not so difficult. Elizabeth's best title to fame in foreign affairs rests upon the fact that she chose good Councillors and, without supporting them, stuck to them. That her policy finally resulted in the defeat of Spain has often been put down to her exceeding credit, for historians, like others, are prone to measure by results. There is at least the possibility of another view, that Elizabeth had so many good cards in her hand, though neither she nor those around her fully realized it, that it did not greatly matter how she played them, if she did not throw away her trumps. Her two highest trumps were an excellent navy and the support of English public opinion, and the knave was the aspiration of James VI for the reversion to the English throne.

The book will find a secure place among American contributions to English history.

The Turn of the Road

THE NEW NEGRO: An Interpretation. Edited by ALAIN LOCKE. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1925.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
Editor, *The Nation*

THE genesis of this book was that extraordinary issue of the *Survey Graphic* of March, 1925, entitled "Harlem." But if that issue was remarkable, this expansion of it to a national and international scope is equally so. Here is a record of achievement to astound even one, like the writer of these lines, who all his life has been cognizant of the progress of the colored men and women. Certainly twenty-five years ago no one could have imagined that so brief a span of years could record the rise of so large a group of Negro writers, artists, singers, and actors. Indeed, after perusing the book one must ask oneself whether any other single group in our complex national life has progressed with anything like the speed of our colored citizens.

The extraordinary materialistic progress of the race is best exemplified in the sudden development of the largest Negro city in the world, Harlem, with its sixty million dollars' worth of Negro-owned real estate where ten years ago the amount of Negro property was negligible. So amazing is this creation almost over night of a Negro capital that already James Weldon Johnson speculates in the book before us as to whether it will not speedily become "a center of intellectual, cultural, and economic forces exerting an influence throughout the world, especially upon the Negro peoples." Here the Negroes have taken Booker Washington's advice to acquire property and put it into dollars and cents with amazing celerity. But they have not stopped there. They have gone on creating an atmosphere for an intellectual life of their own. They have created a Mecca to which have come the greatest living American lyric tenor, Roland Hayes, poets like Langston Hughes, Countee Cullen, Claude McKay, Jean Toomer, Georgia Douglas Johnson, and a group of novelists and singers and actors who have compelled the admiration of the white world. Not only the artists thereof but the white public also, which but yesterday was thinking of a Negro performer as it thought of Blind Tom, the pianist, or the latest waltzing elephant—as a freak risen to the top in a group incapable of sustained effort, incapable of creative or intellectual life, incapable of group coherence, yes, incapable of everything which was else than a mere monkey-like imitativeness. Even that imitativeness was often declared to be only possible in the immature mind,—precisely as there are those who believe that the brilliant Jewish mind buds, flowers, casts its seed, and becomes sterile by the late thirties.

Well, in Mr. Locke's excellently edited volume are many specimens of the new Negro's work in literature and the arts which ought to make even the most prejudiced Southerner admit that the time has come to frame new theories. It would surely be impossible to fill a similar volume with equally amazing facts or equally worthwhile literary documents supplied by the white group in the South within the last twenty years. There is a positive passion for achievement, for creative expression, among these younger Negro writers and artists which in itself about proves correct a prophecy of years ago that America would receive more color and music, more warmth, and more joy of living from our Negro citizens than from any other element in our national life. And how we dour Anglo-Saxons need it! While we refuse to accept the gifts of music, fiestas, public folk-dancing, and all the colorful merrymaking our white immigrants bring us, we must concede to our colored people their refusal to give up their joy in life, their music and dancing, and their steadfast refusal to be stamped out by the same mold. That may be merely because of racial difference; in that case let us thank nature. Let us be grateful, too, that as this volume proves, the creative Negroes are not aping our white life. They are finding in their own ancient art, in their own music, in their own inner life and their own aspirations material in abundance for their talents. Of this they have hardly scraped the surface. Who would dare estimate what they will produce during the next twenty-five years after reading this record?

"The New Negro" is a milestone, for it marks the exact distance the race has travelled since Booker Washington's "Up From Slavery." If there are those who think it should record only a sublime contentment with the station in life to which the negrophobes among us believe they should be relegated let them not open these pages. Nor will our facile politicians who believe the Negro is there merely to be a pawn in their game, to be bought and tricked and led as if sheep, find any satisfaction here. The youth movement recorded herein does not propose to be told by anyone where it shall stop; nor does it propose to bow down to any Gessler hat of alleged race supremacy. Best of all, it goes its way asking alms and favors of nobody. And it cares little for race obstacles. The golden melody of Roland Hayes's voice has brought out mixed audiences of blacks and whites in our Southern cities sitting together for the first time, for the Negro has refused to go up to the galleries to hear *his* Hayes sing. So there are other picklocks of talent and of genius in the hands of this group of our despised citizens with which they can and will throw open many doors now shut to them.

Mr. Locke's volume is reinforced by a bibliography covering thirty pages giving the pedigrees of the many contributors, and a list of Negro writers and writings on or about the Negro, his music, his literature, drama, folk-lore, and race problems.

The Society of Arts and Sciences announces that Julian Street is the winner of the O. Henry Memorial Prize ($500 in gold) for the best short story by an American writer published in an American magazine during 1925. The story for which the prize is awarded is "Mr. Bisbee's Princess," which appeared in the *Red Book*, and later as the title tale in a book of Mr. Street's stories. This story will head the contents of the 1925 volume of "O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories." Tying with "Mr. Bisbee's Princess" for the first prize was Wilbur Daniel Steele's "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven," but as Mr. Steele has won two prizes from the Society of Arts and Sciences he is barred from the money award. The second prize ($250) goes to Wythe Williams for his "Splendid With Swords," which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*; and the prize of $100 for the best brief story goes to Mary Austin for "Papago Wedding," which was published in the *American Mercury*.

The 1925 volume of the "O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories" will also contain stories by Sherwood Anderson, Booth Tarkington, Francis Hackett, Du Bose Heyward, Brand Whitlock, and others.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-president, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. II. No. 30.
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The Ass of Chartres

WHAT are you doing, Ass of Chartres? Poor foolish ass, ineffably dull, are you still trying to learn to play the lyre? Don't you know that it is quite hopeless? For six hundred years you have tried, in season and out of season, through rain and sleet and snow, and you are now no nearer than at the beginning. Nay, further—for your hoofless leg cannot even reach the lyre that you still hold—rather uselessly it seems.

What are you waiting for, Ass of Chartres, that you keep your bleared eyes turned so steadily toward the square? Do you think to see Thibault the Good, or stout Count Henry, or perchance King Louis the Saint, come riding up once more to the doors of your cathedral? They have all gone on crusade—on the last crusade. They will not return.

Or do you watch for the coming of the pilgrims, the cripples and the sick, to lie for nine days in the crypt of Notre-Dame-de-Sous-Terre and then go away—some to live and some to die? Are you expecting new miracles, that the blind will see and the dumb ope their lips and praise the Virgin, and men from all France come again to build the Church of God? Poor stupid ass, today the pilgrims go elsewhere and after miracles they raise no cathedrals but cheap hotels, trinket shops, and booths of

picture post-cards—picture post-cards printed for the glory of the Lord.

For what are you listening, Ass of Chartres, with your long ears turned back so wistfully? For Gabriel and Marie in the Old Tower to ring out the tidings that the Prince of Peace is risen? Do you not know that Gabriel and Marie were melted down by the Terrorists and made into leaden bullets to carry different tidings? Poor foolish ass.

Or is it indeed the Prince of Peace himself that you await and do you think to be able to join in his praise on the great day? Thrice foolish ass—are you so proud because he rode upon the back of your brother into Jerusalem long ago? He did not die for you—you are but a dull beast without a soul. And it is more than doubtful whether He will ever come. Even we, who have immortal souls, have grown weary of waiting. Cease to cling to the walls of the church, Ass of Chartres, come down among us, your betters, eat hay with us and bray with us. For we, we too once thought to play the lyre, but we have learned long since to prefer braying. Then do you, who were made for braying, come down—O, Ass of Chartres, come down and be our King.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

The Bowling Green

In Bed

I KNOW very little about the way people behave in bed. I have so rarely been ill, indeed I might almost say I have so rarely gone to bed at all, in the way a good routine bedgoer does it, that I feel very amateurish in this subject (as in all others). And human beings in any unfamiliar situation always rather hanker to know what is the customary behavior under those circumstances, even if they don't intend to imitate it. What would Emily Post (if that is her name? I mean the Etiquette lady) do? Call for Clicquot Club ginger ale, I suppose.

But it has struck me as a very odd, even valuable experience, to be laid up (or rather, laid down) in bed (this is the fourth day) in a strange room in my own house; in the only room which, normally, I hardly ever enter. (The guest room). It is a very quaint sensation, and everything conspires to make it delightful, at any rate now that first sensation of having been squashed by a motor truck has faded. I do not mean that I have actually been so squashed; but those who have been properly gripped will remember that that is what it feels like. Doctor J, enchanting person, says it is poison in the periosteum; and I like his word, too, for mustard plasters. Cataplasms, he calls 'em, with a twinkle. Titania, I think, enjoys preparing mustard plasters; she tells me she mixes them over the wood fire in the living-room; with the same exhilaration, I'm sure, that she has in toasting marshmallows or cooking fudge or welsh rabbit; and I should think that welsh rabbit would make a very interesting cataplasm. I can't verify that word because the Concise Oxford Dictionary (which should be in every guest room) lets me down badly: it hasn't got the word at all. I implored Doctor J not to take Titania's temperature readings too literally; as an old New Yorker, she believes the thermometer is like the subway and has no stops between 96 and 103; but certainly her nursing is effective: I heard her telephoning *The Saturday Review* this morning, "I think he's losing his grippe." The result of all this is to make me renew my very old intention to own and study the great book I once dipped into, Doctor Osler's "Principles and Practice of Medicine." Certainly it is not right that authors, who pretend to deal with the motives and subtleties of human life, should be so ignorant of plain physiology. I always have much more confidence in writers (Chekhov, for instance) who know something about medicine.

* * *

One of the interesting things about this bedfast condition is that the mind runs rapidly through a symbolic graph of human progress. The first thirty-six hours or so of a good lively grippe it is nowhere; it is merely a grunt at the bottom of a dark bag. Then it becomes capable of such matter as the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. There it prowls among the fiction, wishing perhaps that everyone could write as entertainingly and ruthlessly as Ring Lardner; and wondering whether some sort of Salic law could be framed excluding Fannie Hurst from writing fiction until she has exorcised her present diaphoretic style. I read in one of Mr. Knopf's notices that Miss Hurst is going to study at Oxford; and if so, I prescribe for her while there a large emolument of Jane Austen. At this stage of the illness, of course, some first-class mystery fiction would be ideal—my mind reverted tenderly to those new dollar editions of a couple of Earl Biggers's excellent yarns ("The Agony Column" and another)—but there was nothing of that sort in the house that I hadn't read. The advertising pages of the *Cosmopolitan* are interesting matter for a slightly feverish mind: it is curious to try to evolve some synthesis of them. That little anthology of feminine concerns offers extraordinary sociological data for future philosophers. Mr. Joad, for instance, what an essay he could write on American civilization based on dandruff, pyorrhea, listerine, and the kissproof lipstick.

Rallying a little I had a go at "Tom Sawyer," succumbed to its charm just as I had when I last read it more than twenty years ago, and yet somehow felt that vague disappointment I have had in all my rereadings of Mark Twain. Kipling needn't have been so prostrate before Mark: surely "The Jungle Book" is great where "Tom Sawyer" is only charming. There were some of Emerson's essays on the guest room shelf and by now I was competent for these. That's what I call reading! I remember how blankly I conned them at the age of sixteen, reading a page several times without the slightest ripple on my guileless cortex. Yes, they seemed indeed (as Carlyle gorgeously said) "solid bags of duck-shot." But try him now, say on The Over-Soul, or on Montaigne. You lie under your blankets strangely at ease, afloat among the pleasant naive thoughts of random idleness. This Emerson, this pure and high and temperate spirit, looked as deeply and generously into life as any of the great scalawags and scoundrels. Has anyone ever written the kind of Life of him that would tell just How and Why he learned his gnomic secrets? Any one of the pellets in those bags of duck-shot will do to bring down a blue bird.

* * *

The chief disadvantage of these small disorders is that they make one's pipe taste so beastly. It has the same loathsome gust as in those horrible days when I had flu, at Wyncote, in the autumn of 1918; but when, for some perversion of conscience that I can't now explain, I didn't believe it possible to quit my job for more than a day or two and tottered in and out of Philadelphia in a stupor. I associate that time with a poem by Phoebe Hoffman which I printed in my column in the *Evening Ledger* when I was too dead to write anything myself: a poem about a child walking with cold bare feet on sharp red pebbles: I always think of that poem when my pipe tastes as it did the last few days. Of course as soon as it begins to taste a little better the bed gets all crumby with scraps of tobacco and you are glad enough to climb out. But it started me thinking of those admirable days and friends in the old Ledger building, of all the wonderful stuff that every man has in his memory, so much more racy and enchanted than any fiction or fable and yet it so rarely gets told. What is it Emerson quotes from Montaigne—"Five or six ridiculous stories can be told of me as of any ma living." Of whom is this not true? Even c Colonel House, I dare say. I hear that he has ac mitted the authorship of "Philip Dru," and someone writing in the *Tribune* says that everyone should read that preposterous book. I can't go and rummage for my copy until I am vertical again, but it was always my Dark Horse for the world's worst novel. The only time I ever met the Colonel was at a reception to Joseph Conrad, and I said to him (with cheerful recklessness) that it was pleasant to see the world's best and worst novelists in the same room; he got the point at once, and looked gravely offended, as I suppose was natural. He does not realize that novelists speak to one another much more frankly than politicians.

* * *

You lie in bed, turning some of these trifles over in your mind, and wonder if a time will come when we too "will see, no longer blinded by our eyes." For it is odd that here where sight is myopic and ears are thick with wax and tongues furry and fingers tough with callous, that we should confide so completely to these imperfect senses. These happy organs are useful as feelers to introduce us to realities that can only be thoroughly explored by senses more delicate still. In reading a book often you slide past a passage whose importance you hardly realize as you read; but afterward something accidentally happens to bring it back to your thoughts and you know how significant it was, but you can't quite remember it or find it again. It is the sense of distinguishing these importances when first encountered that is the kind of quality you perceive so beautifully in Emerson.

"O believe," he says, "that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear." Certainly I have always observed that the books I have had an instinctive premonition about always arrive just when I want them. Here, for example, from Macmillan, and trudged through snow from the post office by Titania, comes Miguel de Unamuno—the salamander of Salamanca—and such a delightful title, "The Tragic Sense of Life." My temperature is normal, the pipe begins to taste more like itself, and I'm going to tackle Miguel at once.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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Books of Special Interest

Water-Power

NIAGARA IN POLITICS: A Critical Account of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission. By JAMES MAVOR. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER
Columbia University

THE Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario administers the greatest system of electric light and power plants in the world, and does so under governmental ownership and operation. Its creator and guide and dictator was Sir Adam Beck who, in the process of realizing his dreams and ambitions for it, by sheer personal energy made some people regard him as the dictator of Ontario. It has been said of him that he would have achieved as much anyway, independent of his creation. The critic in the volume under review is James Mavor, emeritus professor of political economy in the University of Toronto, economic historian of Russia, friend of Kropotkin and of Shaw and of many and varied stimulating thinkers, and avowed opponent of governmental operation of industrial enterprises. Sir Adam Beck died in 1925, but "the Hydro" remains as his monument. Professor Mavor also died, and his book is like a charge of potential dynamite close to the foundations, not only of "the Hydro," but of other proposed or actual publicly operated utility enterprises in North America. Because both men are dead, and because their personalities are so closely intertwined in the clash of opinion, there are obvious obstacles in the path of the reviewer. It is difficult, however, to escape the conclusion that this volume is likely to become both a manual of principle and a mine of fact to the opponents of "public ownership" in America.

There is nothing half-hearted about this "critical account." It begins with a *credo* of economic faith which breathes profound conviction in what some economists are inclined, perhaps too lightly, to dismiss as "classical economics" and old fashioned *laisser faire*. To the author governmental operation of industry in a developed country is not only unnecessary, but an indication of reversion to archaic mediæval practice. In his eyes when governments, or rather politicians, go into business they inevitably tend toward dictatorship because their economic power maintains them politically, independent of change of ministries. As their tenure of power, however, in some degree depends on tenure of office, they are strongly tempted to act arbitrarily and to defend both office and enterprise by a "reign of terror." Votes are important, moreover, and the enterprises are likely to be adapted by vote-catching devices, such as cheap domestic lighting rates. Finally the debatable view is advanced that a very considerable element in the difference in enterprise and prosperity between Canada and the United States near Niagara is due to the fact that the latter, not the former, was strongly opposed to restrictions upon private enterprise and in favor of restrictions upon governmental interference with private civil rights. The defender of "public ownership" will find in all this the scent of *a priori* reasoning, and the defender of Mavor will point out that he did not live merely in the realm of theory, but found corroboration for his views in personal investigation of Russian, German and Canadian publicly operated railways, and of the provincial telephone system of Manitoba.

Professor Mavor reaches certain conclusions from his own investigation, which for the most part appear to be sustained by his quotations from the unpublished report of the last official investigation of "the Hydro," which is known as the Gregory Report. Briefly they are that the provincial government created in the Commission an entity which was insufficiently restricted (particularly financially) by the badly framed enabling legislation; which was too powerful and too skilfully promoted for continuous and effective governmental control; which was guilty of some injudicious enterprise (notably in the radial railway field), of some irregularities and illegalities, and of at least one serious breach of trust in the handling of funds; and which has not made provision of the statutory sinking funds adequate to avoid inequalities in power rates or to substantiate the belief encouraged among municipal enthusiasts that in thirty years the corporations would acquire complete ownership of the local undertakings of the Commission. Yet the Gregory Report sharply diverges from the opinions of Professor Mavor when it sets down as its first general conclusion that "the principle of Public Ownership of the Water Power of the Province (sic) and its development by the people for the people is, in our opinion, fundamentally sound and should be maintained at all hazards in its full interpretation." Neither does Professor Mavor follow the Report even in its somewhat left-handed tribute to Sir Adam Beck —"his arbitrariness, his lack of consideration—to state it mildly—of others, his absolute disregard of law or anything else that stands in his way, should not blind anyone to the fact that he has rendered great and invaluable service to Ontario."

The Gregory Commission are supported in their belief in the principle of provincial ownership and operation of water power by a large element of the population, who also share their conviction that in plant and technical staff the enterprises reveal a very high degree of efficiency. The rates are notably low, both for power and for light. They may have to be raised, although the market demands all the power that can be supplied and more, notwithstanding the aid of the gigantic new Chippawa-Queenston plant. There therefore seems to be no question but that the project may be made thoroughly sound financially. The present chairman, Mr. C. A. McGrath, is an outstanding public servant, whose quiet methods and whose record as Dominion Fuel Controller and Chairman of the Canadian Section of the International Joint Waterways Commission have earned confidence. The present premier of Ontario has been a critic of the Commission in the past and his government are reviewing the provincial finances. In this connection one of the curious features of the book is the author's collision with a fundamental tenet of the English constitution as found in its Canadian counterpart, that is the fact that within its field of legislation a provincial government can legislate black white or can practically confiscate private property, subject to appeal to the courts. In the working of this principle since 1906 in connection with "the Hydro" Professor Mavor sees a real menace to provincial and national credit. His opponents will quite naturally point to the fact that the Dominion and the Province find vigorous competition in New York for their borrowings at rates between four and four and a half per cent. Considering that the Province guarantees the Commission's bonds, the same fact might serve as a general reply to the argument of the whole book.

A Notable Critic

ARTHUR SYMONS: A CRITICAL STUDY. By T. EARLE WELBY. Adelphia. 1925. $3.

There is a steadily growing body of of literature that seeks to place in its proper relation to all the arts the so-called "Decadent Movement" of the 90's. Mr. Welby's new book is, in spite of his denial of the fact, a highly specialized part of that literature, dealing as it does with one of the few surviving figures of the period. Arthur Symons was so much an active force, both as critic and as editor of the *Savoy*, in the once passionate controversies of his contemporaries that it is hardly possible to consider him outside their ranks merely because his attitude so often differs from that of the group mind. Yet that is the theory to which this study is devoted—that Symons was an isolated and unique figure, uninfluenced by the people about him save incidentally.

As Mr. Welby himself suggests in the course of his discussion of Symons's work, the principal characteristics of his mind having determined that he should become the critic of all the men both English and foreign who were then attempting to create a new æsthetic ideal, it followed naturally that his writing should be, in many ways, less violently of the movement than the things he criticized. But it should be remembered that he was continuously a sympathetic critic, and that his great desire was to create an enthusiasm for living artists in whom he found merit. In addition to attempting to fit Mr. Symons's career to this somewhat arbitrary program, Mr. Welby evinces unusual ardor in defending his poetry. He deals fully with the many literary forms Symons has attempted, and supplies an accurate summary of his career. It may be permissible to doubt that this is the last word on the subject, and one regrets the personal bias that is too often apparent, yet as a tribute to a great critic and one of the few living writers of truly distinguished prose, it is worthy of all praise.

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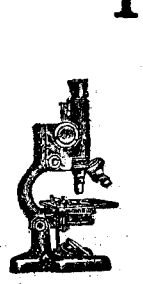

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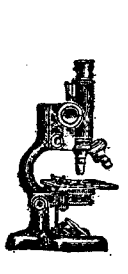

LEEUWENHOEK
The Dutch janitor who ground lenses and was the first to see microbes.
SPALLANZANI
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A Letter from France

By Louise Morgan Sill

LOUIS HÉMON'S posthumous novel, "Battling Malone, Pugiliste" (Grasset), has appeared and increased the regret for the loss of this young writer—killed in 1913 by a locomotive in Canada when he was walking on the track, sack on back, following the vagabond literary life he had chosen. This novel was written before he went to Canada in 1911, and that is all that is known about it, for Hémon wrote no letters, left no note-books, made no confidences, as Daniel Halévy explains in his short preface to the book. Hémon's life was a "series of disappearances." His MSS too, might have disappeared, had he not deposited them with his relatives—with the injunction that they were not to be read. It is possible that he meant to revise them. But "Battling Malone" is an interesting book. The hero is an Irish gamin of London who is born a fighting man and develops, in spite of underfeeding, into a natural athlete. Discovered accidentally by a group of aristocratic London sportsmen, he is taken into training and brought into the professional ring, and here Hémon's intimate knowledge of sporting life served him well. The study of Battling Malone's native youthful brutality in contact with aristocratic life—and especially in relation to an English lady of quality and sporting proclivities—is extremely well done. If anything adverse is to be said, the story is underdeveloped, and the final tragedy insufficiently prepared.

The Prix Goncourt, which creates more excitement here than any other, has been given to M. Maurice Genevoix for his novel "Raboliot" (Grasset), which is the dramatic story of a poacher in the region around the Loire river. (The Goncourt Academy seems to have a weakness for tales of the soil.) Raboliot, the poacher, lives his life outdoors, and the book is filled with the sounds and odors of the forest and all the countryside where the man's struggle against the gendarmes is passed. The author lived day and night in the country and with the people he describes,—hence his success in embodying it all. M. Genevoix is only thirty-five, and claims that he is a writer by accident, who would have chosen to be a painter; but the painter's gift has splendidly aided the novelist. He was three times wounded in the war, and only began to write after seven months passed in the hospitals. He is the author of "Sous Verdun," "Nuits de Guerre," "La Boue," "Jeanne Robelin," "Rémy des Rauches," etc. "Raboliot" has the tissue, it is thought, of a book that will last.

The "Prix Femina-Vie Heureuse" went to M. Joseph Delteil for his "Jeanne d'Arc," already spoken of here; but it must be explained that the jury, composed of women, voted on a copy of the later expurgated edition of this lively book, which despite its good qualities had a sort of *succès de scandale* because of its outspokenness. Delteil, however, is not guilty of anything worse than what Maurice Martin du Gard calls a "healthy eroticism," and that is a later development of this young author who made his debut with "Cœur Grec," a book crowned by the Academy. This was preceded and followed by poems, after which "Le Cygne Androgyne," "Le Fleuve Amour," "Choléra," and "Les Cinq Sens" showed his changing current. He spends half his year in the provinces, and helps harvest the grapes around Perpignan.

M. Constantin-Weyer's "La Bourrasque" (Rieder) is well worth reading. It is a tale of the French and Indian half-breeds in what is now Manitoba, during the years from 1869 to 1885 or thereabouts. A very masculine story in which the hunting, drinking men of the half-breed colony are the chief characters, the women playing a subsidiary but significant part—rough, brutal, but true, and based upon historical facts and the wrongs done to this colony by the encroaching English in Canada. The descriptions of the snowy plains, the blizzards, the broad skies are beautifully done. M. Constantin-Weyer wrote a book about a year ago on Manitoba which attracted considerable attention. He knows his Northwest Canada thoroughly. He has also translated into French Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," and scenes from Shakespeare relating to Falstaff. He is also the translator of an English book by Israel Abraham entitled "Valeurs Permanentes du Judaisme."

Francis Carco's last novel is called "Perversité" (Firenczi). It is a repellent story of low life in Paris with a degenerate for its hero, and yet so cleverly done that it cannot be passed by. It seems a pity that so accomplished a writer should select subjects of this sort.

M. J. H. Louwyck's new story, "La Nouvelle Epopée" (Plon), is a substantial and interesting novel written around the restoration of the devastated regions of France—a subject full of dramatic possibilities of which the author has made a worth while book. His former novels were "Un Cœur Tendre," a story of Paris, "La race qui Refleurit," which is placed in Brittany, and "La Dame au Beffroi," in Flanders.

André Maurois's latest novel, entitled "Bernard Quesnay ou la Hausse et la Baisse," will first appear serially in *La Revue Universelle*, which is edited by Jacques Bainville. Maurois is also publishing in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* his "Portrait d'une Actrice," relating to eighteenth century England.

Three short stories by M. H. R. Lenormand appear under the title "L'Armée Secrète" (Nouvelle Revue Française). The first tale in the volume, dealing with the secret army of spies and counter-spies during the Great War, suggests the title. It is well told, and superior to the other two stories, "Fidelité" (Freudian) and "Le Juge Intérieur." The author is a better playwright than raconteur. There is something of the puppet in his characters, probably because he is accustomed to depend upon their being *acted*, and of artificiality in his method; and one is surprised to see a dramatist fall into the irritating error of introducing a piece of description just at the moment when the reader's curiosity is excited and has a legitimate right to be satisfied without interruption.

"Le Bureau de Réveries" (Grasset) is an effort to illuminate the financial difficulties of the present in France by a review of the same difficulties which followed the death of Louis XIV; and its authors, MM. C. J. Gigoux and F. F. Legueu, have succeeded in making an interesting book of their rather stiff subject by mixing piquant anecdotes with the facts, and using, not chapters, but short subdivisions. The account of the incredible operations in this country of the Scottish financier, Law, and the bursting of the "Bubble" which he had so magically blown, is well presented for the casual reader, *i.e.*, not in the least boresomely. Reading the actual facts at this date, they appear unbelievable, and the reader asks himself if such a fantastic enterprise could find such a fantastic public for its victim today. At the close of the book the authors compare the years 1715 and 1925, and point out that one great advantage the former period had over the latter lay in the fact that France then had no exterior debt.

Plon publishes as the first in his series of Romances of Great Lives, René Benjamin's fascinating "La Prodigieuse Vie d'Honoré de Balzac." The author brings the great genius to life and we see him live from his childhood onwards. And he is presented with that artistic authority which Benjamin exercises over his readers, by which he makes them believe in what he tells them. The book is evidently full of invention, but carefully based upon facts, though the author has suppressed his notes and references for the greater pleasure of the reader. The life of Balzac was indeed prodigious. No novelist would have dared invent it. The next book in this collection will be "François Villon," by Francis Carco, whose profound studies of the Parisian underworld will probably eke out the very scanty material subsisting on his subject.

An erudite study of Montaigne—his grammar, his vocabulary, the influence in his Essays of Raymond Sebon (or de Sebonde), whose work "La Théologie Naturelle" he translated from Latin into French in his youth—has been recently made by Abbé Coppin of the Faculté des Lettres of the Catholic University of Lille, for which he has received from the Sorbonne the degree of *docteur ès lettres*, wit
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Sebon's philosophy and that of M
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Foreign Literature

As His Day Saw Heine

GESPRÆCHE MIT HEINE (Conversations with Heine). For the first time collected, and edited by H. H. HOUBEN. Frankfurt am Main: Rütten und Loening. 1925.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

DR. H. H. HOUBEN will go down to literary history as the man who first did full justice to Eckermann, an act of reparation which he accomplished last year with his edition of a number of hitherto unpublished letters and diaries by the author of "Conversations with Goethe," at last shown conclusively to be not a mere recorder, but an artist by nature and a lifelong sacrifice to his own overwhelming admiration for the greater man. And now, with this volume, the same German bibliophile and critic may fairly claim to have set Heinrich Heine in a fairer and less prejudiced light than has ever been thrown on him before. This is done not so much by fresh material—though there is a certain amount of that—as by a monument of industry, patience, and careful selection, the result of which is a composite portrait of Heine at all stages of his life, by those who knew him best and enjoyed his closest intimacy.

Considerably over eight hundred extracts are given, in chronological order, from rather trivial recollections, by the poet's sister, of his malicious pranks at school, to the moving last chapter, in which, one likes to think, the real Heine came out most prominently. Hitherto opinion, and most of all, perhaps, opinion in Germany, where judgment has been disturbed by political and religious controversies which are even now by no means dead, has tended to class Heine with the mockers and scoffers, like Voltaire, or with the warped men of genius, such as Swift, or, at the most favorable, with the cynical suavity of an Anatole France. But there was something different in Heine. This book abounds in instances of his more familiar qualities. Two epigrams are worth repeating, the first of the philologist Léon Halévy, brother of the composer, of whom Heine said, "He is as boring as if his brother had composed him," the second, spoken in the presence of his wife, to the effect that he would only bequeath her his property if she immediately remarried, so ensuring that at least one man would regret his death!

But we are also shown Heine in less familiar aspects. One of the most impartial characterizations is that of Alexander Weill, who said that Heine was not a god torn asunder, nor was he a suffering Job, but a good German poet with a kind heart but a malicious intellect. A hundred instances could be given to prove the accuracy of this judgment. He was capable of enthusiasm, of feeling. There is an engaging picture of him as a teacher, early in life, explaining to his pupils the divisions of Germany, and saying that to see the country split up as it was caused his heart to ache. This sentimental trait constantly reappeared. His brain was always, as it were, reacting against some emotion, and Arnold Ruge spoke truly when he said that the poet's attacks on the political repression of the time, which came from a genuine sense of injustice, rank truer than his sarcasms at the expense of religion and morals, which were often the exercise of a witty nature and a naturally sceptical intellect. In this connection the records of two women, Lucie Duff-Gordon and Karoline Jaubert, are of particular value, as are the pages on Heine in Levin Schücking's reminiscences. In the last-named Schücking records that Heine, in an autobiographical mood, once remarked that he had, at bottom, a Catholic element in his character, and that he could not have written the "Wallfahrt nach Kevelaer" unless he had been able to appreciate the poetry and religion of the Middle Ages—a claim with which any reader of that wonderful poem will agree. Karoline Jaubert one day asked Heine what he thought of an after-life, and in some confusion and after a little hesitation, he replied, "Il y a pourtant un coin divin dans l'homme." Those words did not come from a Nineteenth Century Voltaire.

And, finally, as we approach the end of this life, we find an even more elevated characteristic, a dignity and even a kind of nobility which is never associated with the common idea of Heine. Towards the end he was a great sufferer, and Lucie Duff-Gordon recalls that she had never seen such intense pain borne with such resignation, not at all self-consciously stoical, but all with a kind of gaiety and smiling defiance. It is the dominant impression left after a reading of this great "Quellenwerk," as Dr. Houben calls it. In affixing such a heavy, academic name he is too modest. This is a book which all Heine-students will read with profit from cover to cover.

UPON the last appearance of this column I fear I gave the impression of being very frivolous. Still, that was a true impression. I am. And, at the risk of seeming even more egotistical than usual, I have now discarded for good the editorial "we."

In his much superior column upon another page, THE PHŒNICIAN maintains the editorial "we." The editorials of this humble journal must necessarily maintain the "we." That is "we" enough, in all conscience. I am I, after all, even though it's too bad.

I was going to curse and discourse this week upon a Mr. Ernest Walsh who speaks forth in a new collection of new writers called *This Quarter*, but THE PHŒNICIAN has yelled over from his desk, "Hey, I'm handling that!" Which leaves me without any particular cursing to do. Still—I can discourse.

I should like to discourse about taxi-cabs; but what have they to do with literature? Well, in a way, they have a lot to do with literature. I have met more literati this winter going around in taxi-cabs! And when you compare the fare here with what they tell me the fare is in Paris, you wonder how the comparatively penniless literati can afford it. But the taxi-cab evidently awakens a response in the artist. Once you slam the door and flop back on the cushions there is an I-don't-know-where-I'm-going - but -I'm-on-my-way sort of feeling engendered, germane to the feeling conveyed in many modern poems and stories. Exterior New York is a consistent taxicabaret. There is exhilaration even in the flack of a loose tire chain on slippery asphalt, in the stampede of a herd of yellow, red, and green taxis down Fifth Avenue at the shrilling of a traffic-cop's whistle, in the throbbing of their innocent little hearts at the curb, as the cross-town traffic pours by.

Of course, as you emerge from the theatre, the dearth of taxis is anathema maranatha; and the other night of the heavy snowfall, when the few-and-far-between taxis refused even to hesitate in my direction, I cursed them bitterly. But in general they fill me with a joyful rhythm, which expressed itself in words a few evenings ago. Like this:

Sing of the big town's insectivora,
Bright-colored bugs from a thousand cells,—
Not like the Subway's steel carnivora,
Not like the dragons of the crashing Els,
Taxi-chains prattle when a storm-wind ranges,
Taxi-tires swish through the lancing showers,—
Rasp of their gears as the red light changes,
Crawking of their horns at traffic towers.

Gotham, Majestic, Luxor, Luxury,
Gay Green Diamonds for a festive night,
Premier, Packard, Red Itoa,
Twentieth Century, Brown and White,
Mogul, Checker Cab, Trust to a Cabco,
Yellow Cab, Yellow Taxi, Hail a Yale,
Call up Lenox Two Three Hundred, or
Tick in an Astor on the uptown trail.

"Stepping out tonight?" is their honking query
Each dark P. M. when the tides turn home,
Through the channels of the city as the crowds surge weary
And the sky-signs blaze through the glamorous gloam
With the peaks of buildings lit like Cotopaxi,—
"Stepping out tonight, eh? Quack-quack-quack!"
"Yes, come on! We're late! Hurry up! Hey, Taxi!"—
Up-town, down-town, cross-town and back.

Luxor, Premier, Mogul, Yellow,
DeLuxe, Majestic, Hupmobile,—
If you grab one Heated you're the lucky fellow,
If you happen on a driver who can whirl a wheel,
Who can slip one over with the dimming of the red light,
Wriggle like an eel through a one-way street,
Whizz up round the Concourse like a demon with a headlight
And land you on the dot at your place to eat.

Flags up! Flags down! Take a ticking taxi,
Buzzing beetle of our Babylon dream,
For whether a guy buy at Brooks or Saks, he
Expands in a taxi when the bright lights gleam.
Are you young and slim, or old and on the stout side?
What odds? You're bound for a party and a girl.
Though the fare turn your pockets inside-outside
You'll be off this evening for another whirl.

Twentieth Century, Hail-a-Yale, Checker,
Mogul, Majestic, Luxuree,—
Cabs for the gun-man, cabs for the necker,
Cabs for the millionaire, cabs for me!
Let the shofer chuckle at the Jills and Jacks he
Hikes up the metre on, crawling slow,—
It's a cute little covert in the night. . .
"Hey, Taxi!
Umpty-ump Ump Street! (Slam!) Let's go!"

Something like that. When poetic inspiration is upon me, my dream is always to charter a sea-going taxi and drive all around the town while I carefully compose my pretty ode to Myrtilla's eyebrow. Possibly if all modern poets could ride around in taxis during their working-hours their poetry might grow more rhythmical!

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

PEARL, A STUDY IN SPIRITUAL DRYNESS. By SISTER M. MADELEVA of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Appleton. 1925. $2.

The author of "Chaucer's Nuns and Other Essays" here propounds a new interpretation of the mediæval poem, "Pearl." The book is written with delightful zest and freshness even in the chapters where old controversies have to be reviewed. The sorrowful man who sees a vision of a fair young girl and learns from her the mysteries of Heaven has usually been thought to represent the poet, mourning the loss of his daughter and comforted by her appearance in his dream. Sister Madeleva rejects entirely the traditional explanation of the poem as an elegy. She believes that the Pearl child represents the "poet's own soul, as it might be in a state of perfection at this particular time of life." Against an ample background of mystic doctrine "Pearl" is analyzed as a spiritual autobiography, symbolizing the poet's loss of grace, his consequent desolation, and his realization of the true meaning of spiritual peace. Even though an exclusively allegorical interpretation may not prove acceptable to the lovers of the poem, this commentary places it in a setting of mystic lore where its teachings gain in significance.

Biography

JOHN SLIDELL. By LOUIS MARTIN SEARS. Duke University Press. 1925. $2.50.

Even if readers in this country have been denied the advantages of any work comparable with the British "Dictionary of National Biography," they have never been in want of individual biographies; in fact, if there has been any ground for complaint, it is that there have been too many. A deceased American politician or statesman without a biography is almost as much of a phenomenon as a live one without a lodge button. It is surprising therefore to run across a conspicuous figure in American history who has been left alone in this respect by friends, admirers, and even enemies. Such had been the fate of John Slidell, before the appearance of this volume by Professor Sears.

The want of any such study has not been due to lack of prominence or merit on the part of Slidell himself. The man picked by Polk to deal with Mexico in the highly delicate situation just before the outbreak of war would have been worth investigating if he had never done anything else. After this fruitless experiment in diplomacy Slidell devoted his talents and resources, political and financial, to the task of making Buchanan president. Regardless of what may be said of the wisdom or unwisdom of supporting this particular candidate, the successful outcome of the work is ample proof of Slidell's ability as a political strategist.

Slidell is represented as playing the political engineer again at the Charleston convention of 1880, this time for the purpose of killing the chances of Stephen A. Douglas. Unfortunately the author gives practically no evidence on which the reader may base any opinion concerning Slidell's actual importance on this occasion.

Throughout the work Professor Sears has been handicapped by the lack of Slidell papers. Far from emulating the Adams family, Slidell seems to have made an effort to prevent the construction of a biography. However, the author found two collections of Slidell letters among the Buchanan and Mason papers. These he has used effectively.

The major episodes in which Slidell figured have all been dealt with at length in the works of Justin H. Smith, and James Ford Rhodes, and more or less completely in numerous highly valuable special studies. Such being the case, it is not to be expected that any very significant new material would appear. None does, and Professor Sears has wisely refrained from using Slidell as a foundation for a complete rewriting of the history of the period. This very lack of pretense is a merit. And it is convenient to have Slidell's contributions to history, familiar, but hitherto scattered, brought together and made available in one single book.

VICTOR EMMANUEL III, KING OF ITALY. By *Alexander Robertson.* Stokes.

THIRTEEN EPISTLES OF PLATO. Translated and Edited by *L. A. Post.* Oxford University Press. $1.70.

Drama

COMEDIES. By *William Congreve.* Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

LOST. By *George Agnew Chamberlain.* Putnam. $2.

SMALL PLAYS FOR SMALL CASTS. By *Elizabeth Hall Yates.* Penn. $2.

NABOTH'S VINEYARD. By *Clemence Dane.* Macmillan. $1.50.

LUCKY SAM MCCARVER. By *Sidney Howard.* Scribners. $2.

CRAIG'S WIFE. By *George Kelly.* Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

FOR LOVE OF THE KING. By *Oscar Wilde.* Putnams.

Economics

MOTHERS IN INDUSTRY. By GWENDOLYN S. HUGHES. New Republic. 1925. $1.

Miss Hughes has made a valuable contribution to the meagre literature concerning a problem deserving of more consideration than it commonly receives in the current disputes about "equal rights," the protection of women in industry, and the like. Her book is based on the reported records of 728 working mothers in Philadelphia and falls into two parts. The first deals with the causes which take mothers into industry, the second with the effects of wage earning by mothers on their children and on their homes. In this connection she adduces some interesting data in a field where nothing of so exact a nature has yet been published. In the experience of the 728 mothers in this survey prenatal deaths were about twice as frequent after the mother entered industry as before, while the proportion of postnatal deaths shows practically no change. The book presents facts rather than conclusions. This adds to its value in a field which is at present too often governed by mere opinion.

TIN AND THE TIN INDUSTRY. By *A. H. Mundy.* Pitman. $1.

FREE-THOUGHT IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. By *J. A. Hobson.* Macmillan.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LABOR. By *C. Delisle Burns.* Oxford University Press. $1.40.

FUNDAMENTAL THOUGHTS IN ECONOMICS. By *Gustav Cassel.* Harcourt, Brace.

Education

CHARACTER, CONDUCT, AND STUDY. By *William H. Cunningham.* Putnam. 90 cents.

READING: ITS PSYCHOLOGY AND PEDAGOGY. By *John Anthony O'Brien.* Century. $2.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF EDUCATION. By *J. J. Findlay.* Vol. I. Holt.

AN INTRODUCTION TO EXPOSITORY WRITING. By *Dora Gilbert Tompkins* and *Jessie MacArthur.* Harpers. $1.80.

BUILDING WITH WORDS. By *Francis Kingsley Ball.* Ginn. $1.08.

THE SUBJUNCTIVE IN TACITUS. By *Sister Winifred Mary Carmody.* University of Chicago Press.

OUR ENGLISH. By *Joseph Denny, Eleanor L. Skinner,* and *Ada M. Skinner.* Scribners. Vol. I, 76 cents; Vol. II, 80 cents; Vol. III, 96 cents.

SOCIOLOGY AND EDUCATION. By *Alvin Good.* Harpers. $3.

Fiction

REX. By E. F. BENSON. Doran. 1925. $2 net.

It is a hard thing to say about the author of the once daring "Dodo" (by the way, isn't Dodo's granddaughter almost ripe by now for analysis?), but Mr. Benson is an incorrigible Victorian. One has a rather Rip Van Winklish feeling about the people of his latest novel—that they went to sleep sometime in that relative age of innocence, the naughty 'nineties, and on awaking in the age of flapper went on behaving themselves as though nothing had happened. Rex Goodwin is not really of this day and generation, but of Mr. Benson's own, and it was about the time of the Boer War that he should have come down from Cambridge with an Ibsen in his pocket and in his heart the determination to go and do likewise. Even the successful play that he finally writes with a cynical snarl, prostituting his art because a lady has been unkind, is the sort of play that was ridiculed by the young intellectuals of the beginning of the century.

If Rex is a Victorian, or at latest an Edwardian, heredity may account for it, for more Victorian figures than his parents could hardly be imagined—an irascible, unreasonable father, a sweet, docile mother, palpitating with love and sacrifice for both the superior, and mutually irreconcilable, males of her family. There may still be fathers like Rex's, but one prefers not to believe it.

After all, however, Mr. Benson has a perfect right, if he pleases, to postulate Victorian survivals in a post-war world; and in this case it happens that the play is not the thing (Rex could have been an insurance broker just as well as a dramatist), but the character of the playright. In Rex Goodwin the author has drawn a character probably more unusual in fiction than in life—hard, glittering, intellectual, able to stimulate love, but seemingly incapable of feeling it. As foils and victims are his mother and a man friend of school and Cambridge days. The interplay of the three characters, with the preposterous father appearing and disappearing as a *diabolus ex machina,* is dexterously handled and interesting to watch. The experienced reader would no doubt guess the dénoûement even had the publisher's blurb not obligingly given it away. Love cavalierly treated will have its revenge, and in Rex's case the vampire lady chosen as the instrument of vengeance makes a remarkably good job of it. The conclusion is just the sort of thing that Rex and his sophisticated young intellectuals (of the 'nineties) would have become ribald over,

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding pages*)

and if the novel were ever filmed there would undoubtedly be a title about the "cleansing fires of love"; but there it is,—and Mr. Benson has again given us an entertaining novel in his second best style.

THE DEATH OF A MILLIONAIRE. By G. D. H. and MARGARET COLE. Macmillan. 1925. $2.

A surprising array of unhackneyed materials, welded into a plot of singular, unabating ingenuity, holds the interest of this detective story to a pitch seldom equalled in the field of the thriller. The opening event—disclosing the apparent murder of a financier whose body has been spirited away in a trunk from his London hotel—may at first seem ordinary, but very soon the host of complications arising from the crime give the narrative a completely altered and utterly unexpected trend. It is the sort of yarn whose action may not be summarized without weakening its generous capacities for enjoyment by the reader, but these one feels justified in deeming unsurpassed by any mystery fiction of recent months.

THE BRONZE HAND. By CAROLYN WELLS. Lippincott. 1926. $2.

The hard-working Miss Wells has not often turned out so inferior a specimen of "Fleming Stone" detective story as she here exhibits. Its faults are overwhelming in number and variety, its merits nil, and its appeal to the imagination unprovocative of the faintest response whatever. A shady and dissolute millionaire is murdered on board a liner bound for Liverpool, his head battered in by blows of the sinister bronze hand, modeled from Rodin's original, which the victim prizes as his mascot. The tale thereafter is shamelessly padded by the incessant gabble of the ship's passengers, false suspicions, circumstantial nonsense, precipitous love-making, and the imbecile maundering of amateur sleuths.

THE BASELESS FABRIC. By HELEN SIMPSON. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

There is a broad, fertile, infrequently visited territory—it lies midway between the fantastic short story and the impressionistic sketch—which holds limitless opportunities for the writer adequately equipped to enter it. Miss Simpson has worked in that abundant land and returned with tokens of a sombre and unique beauty. These are embodied in the eleven profoundly imagined creations here contained, each one, perfect in the exact balance and unfailing accuracy of its veiled suggestion, concerned with the potencies for good or evil latent in the invisible realm which separates the conscious senses from the surrounding world. Only in part, however, does the author rely upon the intangible for her medium, joining it, as she does, skilfully to an atmosphere of reality and invading the beings of living people with the uncanny powers of agencies beyond their comprehension.

A prodigal diversity of effects is enlisted to evolve the individual form of the illusion which dominates each character. Here and there a very slight hint of the supernatural or the mildly deranged creeps in, but these exceptions are unobjectionable breaks in a firmly held continuity of design whose burdens are the mute forces of nature in close concentration upon deep hidden frailties of the human soul. One protagonist may suffer from the company of a "haunt" perceptible only to himself, another from the acute spiritual torment of his conscience for the desecration of a venerable inanimate thing, a third from the fatal blight of a fixed idea at last materializing in a tragic actuality. It is logical to assume that portions of the book will prove unintelligible to those readers who never exert their own wits in following a printed page.

Foreign

EN JOUE. By PHILIPPE SOUPAULT. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1925.

This is a story of the newer *genre*. It presents cinematographically the ideological decadence of a modern Parisian. It is an expression of philosophic super-realism. M. Soupault says in a paradoxical analysis of his own work:

This book is the itinerary of a young man who has seen and retained a great deal. This Julien, the hero of the novel, is never thirsty. Nor is his thirst ever slaked. Nothing-neither a woman's love, nor the approach of death, nor remorse, nor crime, can appease him. He doubts. He doubts. Always he is waiting for something with a strange anxiety. Then one day he succumbs, far away from the world, lost in the deeps of his conscience.

The story is symptomatic of the new *mal de siècle* that is cancerously eating into the flesh of the younger French generation. Philippe Soupault here gives a cross-cut of a young Parisian's restlessness and disgust with life. En Joue ("Aim!") tells the story of Julien and his nihilism. He is a victim of nerves made raw by the age. He never finds satisfaction for his desires anywhere. He falls in love, grows quickly tired, grows desperate. An agony of the nerves develops, he seeks quietude in the provinces, gets still more tired. He returns to Paris, is very ill, remains in his room. After days of a fanatic disenchantment, Julien dreams of suicide. The novel ends in a cryptic symbolism: "Julien knows that an egg is dancing on a jet of water and that he must hit it. He takes aim with all his strength. He will fail. Fire!"

Soupault himself is part and parcel of his generation. He has been in the thick of the literary battles that raged about Dadaism and Super-Realism, and is at present, together with André Breton, the intellectual leader of the Super-Realists. As the author of delicate poems such as "Aquarium," "Rose des Vants," "Les Champs Magnétiques" (the latter written in collaboration with André Breton in which both tried automatic writing for the first time), "L'Invitation au Suicide and Westwego," he has shown great lyrical gifts and an almost pathological sensitivity.

JEAN DES BRUMES. By *Charles Foley*. Paris: Flammarion.

RABOLLIOT. By *Maurice Genevoix*. Paris: Grasset.

L'IMPASSE DES PLAISIRS. Paris: Delpeuch.

History

BUILDERS OF THE EMPIRE. By *J. A. Williamson*. Oxford University Press.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By *Edward P. Cheyney*. Longmans, Green. $6.50.

PIONEERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By *M. Roustan*. Little, Brown. $4 net.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN IMMIGRATION. By *George M. Stephenson*. Ginn. $2.40.

THE GENESIS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By *Breckenridge Long*. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE HISTORIAN AND HISTORICAL EVIDENCE. By *Allen Johnson*. Scribners. $2.

International

DIPLOMATIC EPISODES. By WILLIAM CAREY MOREY. Longmans, Green. 1925. $2.

This is one of those volumes of professional loose ends with the publication of which it is common for professors and college presidents to beguile the leisurely hours which follow upon retirement. The book consists of ten unrelated studies made by Professor Morey during his long years of service as Professor of History and Political Science at the University of Rochester. They are brought together in a volume which his friends and former students will enjoy presenting to each other in memory of one they loved and respected, and who, since the book was prepared for the press, has become but a memory. The essays themselves are well-informed discussions of various incidents in international affairs. They are practically undocumented and so of little value to the serious student, but this adds to their worth for the reader who "likes something solid but hates footnotes." To the *dilettante* in international law, they will be a delight.

One essay, the last, stands out from the others and deserves particular mention. Here Professor Morey, whose claim to sincerity in his work for world peace cannot be gainsaid, classifies the various kinds of peace advocates, and brings out with striking if kindly clearness, the pernicious effect of much of the well-meaning sentimentalism which is massed behind the most vocal peace propaganda.

THE INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION OF INDIA IN RECENT TIMES. By *D. R. Gadsil*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THE UNITED STATES AS A NEIGHBOR. By *Sir Robert Falconer*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

THE MELTING-POT MISTAKE. By *Henry Pratt Fairchild*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

SOME CYCLES OF CATHAY. By *William Allen White*. University of North Carolina Press. $1.50.

THE TRAIL OF A TRADITION. By *Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg*. Putnam. $3.50.

Miscellaneous

COFFEE AND WAFFLES By *Alice Foote MacDougall*. Doubleday, Page.

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT. By *Charles F. Thwing*. Macmillan. $2.50.

MULCASTER'S ELEMENTARIE. Edited by *E. T. Campagnac*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

OVID AND HIS INFLUENCE. By *Edward Kennard Rand*. Marshall Jones.

PYGMALION OR THE DOCTOR OF THE FUTURE. By *R. W. Wilson*. Dutton. $1.

LYCARGUS OR THE FUTURE OF LAW. By *E. S. P. Haynes*. Dutton. $1.

Music

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR SONGS. Reprinted from the First and Second Volumes of Folk Songs of Many Peoples. Compiled by *Florence H. Botsford*. Woman's Press.

RUSSIAN FOLK SONGS. Reprinted from Volume I of Folk Songs of Many Peoples. Compiled by *Florence H. Botsford*. Woman's Press.

FOLK SONGS OF POLAND. Reprinted from Volume I of Folk Songs of Many Peoples. Compiled by *Florence H. Botsford*. Woman's Press.

FOLK SONGS OF MANY PEOPLES. Compiled and edited by *Florence Hudson Botsford*. Vols. I and II. Woman's Press.

Philosophy

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WILLIAM JAMES. DRAWN FROM HIS OWN WORKS. New York: The Modern Library. 1925. 95 cents.

This is a book of selections presenting the philosophy of Wiliam James systematically in his own words and in small compass. Mr. Horace M. Kallen, of the New School for Social Research, explains in his introduction just what William James means to the modern world. This new title in the modern Library is a convenient compendium of James for the lay reader.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY. By DR. W. WINDELBAND. Translated by HERBERT ERNEST CUSHMAN. Scribner's. 1924. $2.50.

In the preface to the second German edition of his classic work on ancient philosophy, Windelband writes, "May my brief treatise continue to fulfil its task: to solicit friends appreciative of a noble cause, to preserve alive the consciousness of the imperishable worth which the creations of Greek thought possess for all human culture." The American mind is perhaps not yet prepared to consider a treatise of three hundred and ninety-three pages as brief, but it has shown itself sufficiently appreciative of the noble cause, and a noble book, to demand a third edition of Dr. Cushman's masterly translation. This is all the more gratifying because the work is distinctly not a popular presentation of the subject, but rather calls for an active coöperation of interest and intelligence on the part of the reader.

LIFE, MIND, AND SPIRIT. By *C. Lloyd Morgan*. Holt.

CREATIVE FREEDOM. By *J. W. T. Mason*. Harpers. $4.

Poetry

THE SEA ANTHOLOGY. Edited by ALICE HUNT BARTLETT. 1925. Brentanos. $2.

Mrs. Bartlett's anthology appears to be an attempt to illustrate her recent discovery, due to a discussion with some eminent sailors and explorers, that "in different ages people saw different values in the oceans and, apparently, the sea affected the people of different ages in different ways." The book is even less epoch-making than the discovery. It begins with a hundred sonnets, the best out of some eight hundred written by the competitors for the Bartlett Prize. These sonnets, says Mrs. Bartlett, "prove that the great progress in science has given our age a broader understanding of the sea." Very little more need be said. In illustration of Mrs. Bartlett's contention, however, we may quote a few lines from the sonnet by Doris E. Rymer, an English competitor.

Great sea, whose grandeur fills my soul with awe,
Can I find words which fitly describe thee?
Being English makes it very hard to thaw
Reserve, and speak of English's pride—the Sea!
The sea has always brought us wealth and fame,
Our very Sovereign is a Sailor King;
Is anywhere a name like Nelson's name?
Oh, well may England of the Ocean sing.

This, and most of Mrs. Bartlett's flotsam and jetsam, will soon be submerged full fathom again until the sea gives up her dead. It is to be hoped, even then, that the majority of the poems in this book will be withheld. Some twenty pages at the close of the anthology contain a thoroughly inadequate and incompetent selection of "sea-poems" from what is called earlier English poetry. This book is one of the silliest we have ever had the ill-fortune to read. We recommend it only as a joyous example of ineptitude.

Science

MICROBE HUNTERS. By *Paul de Kruif*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

MODERN MAGNETICS. By *Felix Auerbach*. Translated by *H. C. Booth*. Dutton. $6.

EVOLUTION, GENETICS, AND EUGENICS. By *Horatio Hackett Newman*. University of Chicago Press.

CLOUD STUDIES By *Arthur W. Clayden*. Dutton. $6.

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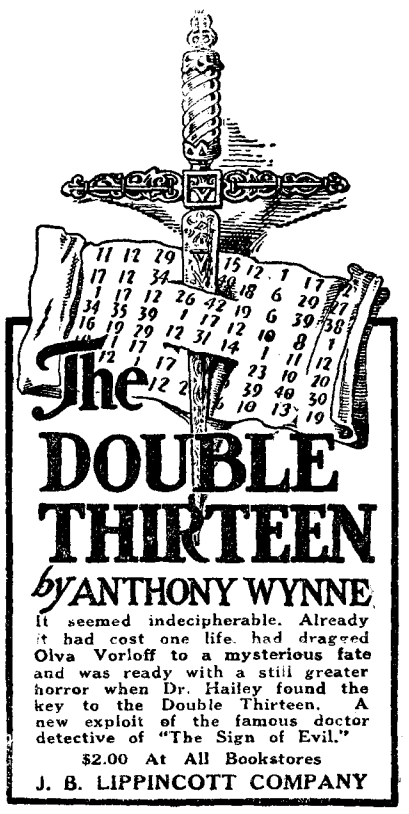

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The Reader's Guide

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Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

THE LETTERS OF HANNAH MORE. Edited by *R. Brimley Johnson* (Dial Press).

PIG IRON. By *Charles G. Norris* (Dutton).

WILLIAM COBBETT. By *G. K. Chesterton* (Dodd, Mead).

SCARCE was the reply to J. L. E., of Muncie, in print before P. M. W., Goucher College, Baltimore, R. M. K., Chicago, and L. R., Boulder, Colorado, informed me that there is a large literary map of England, in a size suitable for classroom use, mounted on rollers, and published by Rand, McNally. It costs about ten dollars and these correspondents say that their experience proves it satisfactory. I am glad to find, however, that they all agree with me on the fun of making maps of one's own.

E. W. K., Portland, Me., has seen quotations from a book of devotion written by Dean Inge after the loss of his daughter which make her anxious to own it, but the name was not given.

THE book was published in 1924 by Longmans, Green, and is entitled "Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion;" the price is $1. I am often enough asked to recommend a book like this and I can speak for this one.

G. G. W., Detroit, Mich., asks if there are any French textbooks that would appeal to a small child and enter into nursery life, for all the primers that she can find seem to have been written at least a few hundred years ago. Are there any in line with present day educational ideals?

I REFERRED this decision to V. M. Hillyer, Head Master of the Calvert School of Baltimore, which has a Home Instruction department. Mr. Hillyer will be gratefully remembered by parents and children all over the country as the author of the "Child's History of the World" (Century). He says that these books are used by the Calvert French teachers, supplemented by their own ideas.

French Words and Exercises for Beginners. Ada Sharpley.

Mes Premier Pas en Française. Chapulet et Daniels.

Contes et Legendes. 1st vol. Guerber.

Histoire de France. Lavisse.

Le Premier Livre. Meras.

In addition, and on my own authority, I can say that while I do not know how "Monsieur and Madame," by Dimock and Glackens (Harper), a picture-book intended to familiarize children with the genders of French nouns, would work out in practice, I found it amusing and catchy to the memory when I came upon it in the American Library in Paris last year.

E. W., New York, wonders why no one bringing in brothers for the late literary round-up included the Powys trio, saying "A better example than John Cowper and Llewellyn Powys's autobiographic 'Confessions of Two Brothers' (Manas Press, 1916) is J. C. Powys's novel 'Ducdame' (Doubleday, 1924) Rook Ashover, if he hadn't been continually compelled by ancestral voices to go in headlong pursuit of every woman who crossed his path, would have been quite happy with the companionship of his brother Lexie, to whom otherwise he was devoted."

E. W., Alameda, Cal., is looking for an English publication, "My Health."

IT appears that when she was convalescing from scarlet-fever saved up for her until she was old enough to appreciate it, someone brought to the hospital a British novel, she thinks by one of the editors, or well-known contributors, of *Punch*, called "My Health," which was so wildly funny that she could not read it aloud to the nurses for laughing. She has tried in vain to get it new or second-hand, and I cannot find it in any English catalogue within reach. The story is of a bachelor nephew whose ancient aunt sings to her own accompaniment, and everyone, while perfectly well, is always ailing. The point is that when this reader recovered she found the book only gently funny. She wants a copy to lend to people who need, while convalescent, those loud yells of spontaneous laughter that help them get well faster—and she intends to take it away from them before they get well.

Meantime, I would be glad to receive from people who have been in like case tried and proven entries for a collection of more-or-less rough-house fun books, for this inquirer is quite right in thinking that they have a high usefulness quite apart from literary merit. By rough-house I mean fun that slaps the sense of humor so smartly that you laugh before you think. It may involve other qualities—indeed, my favorite laugh-inducer is Leacock's "Nonsense Novels" and "Further Foolishness"—but a laugh it must have drawn to get on this list. I have just added a new book to my own collection: "Pluck and Luck," by Robert Benchley (Holt), whose descriptions of church suppers, college dramatics, and other aids to the higher life, are so accurate that the reader wonders, in sober after-thought, why he so laughed at what has in life so often steeped him in gloom.

And as calls for assistance seem to be the order of this week's exercises, will someone tell *J. B. P., Stanford, Kentucky*, if "Old Churches, Ministers and Families of Virginia," by Bishop Meade, can be purchased in open market? For years it was out of print and the few who owned it could not for love or money be induced to part with a copy; he says that Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, were preparing to bring out a new edition when their plant was destroyed by fire several years ago. Senator Beveridge cites this work in his "Life of John Marshall" (Houghton Mifflin) and after the names appears (Richmond: 1910) which leads J. B. P. to wonder if a new edition has been issued.

A. P. S., Baton Rouge, La., asks for information on expressionism, and whether it is more than a fad of the moment.

BECAUSE it seems to me that expressionism has less æsthetic significance than importance as a psychological and pathological symptom, I find Oskar Pfister's" Expressionism in Art" (Dutton) the most interesting investigation of the subject in English, as it is one of the most thoroughgoing. It begins with analyses of thirteen blood-curdling drawings. But to get an "all-round view" of the movement it is necessary to read German, from which language some of its documents have not been translated.

M. B. A., Tekoa, Washington, asks for examples of the verse of poets nationally known through newspapers, especially Christopher Morley, Franklin P. Adams, and Don Marquis.

"THE Home Book of Modern Verse" (Holt) has from seven to ten poems by each of these, and several by Keith Preston and by James J. Montague. It also has a vast number of poems by people not in the elder anthologies; the magazine reader comes constantly upon verses loved and believed lost. This volume is the addition to the famous "Home Book of Verse" (Holt) and a big book in itself: evidently the other had reached the jumping-off place in bulk with the latest revision.

L. M., North Dakota, asks for a poem called "The Man who Walked like a Bear," generally credited to Kipling.

IT is our old friend Adam-zad, the "bear that walks like a man," whose exploits in ripping away the features of the narrator are set forth in "The Truce of the Bear" in Kipling's "Verse: Inclusive Edition. 1885-1918" (Doubleday, Page), where it bears the date 1898. The moral is apparently that anyone who tries to do business with Russia is apt to lose face.

In his "Causeries Congolaises" (Brussels: Vromant) E. Torday has presented a thorough survey of the Belgian Congo, setting forth his discussion in agreeable style and with evident knowledge and sympathy. His study ranges from topography and costume to agriculture and language, and is written without any attempt at injecting personal opinion. M. Torday lets facts speak for themselves.

YOU ARE A WRITER. **Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?**

I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

Send for my circular. I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have a special department for plays and motion pictures.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY
[EDITED BY H. L. MENCKEN]
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THE AMERICAN MERCURY has found the civilized minority 80,000 copies were needed of the second anniversary number. From its first printing in January, 1924, when 10,000 copies were ordered, THE AMERICAN MERCURY has grown steadily month after month, finding new readers and keeping them. Money was not spent broadcast on advertising, no sensational subscription offers were made, free copies were not sown far and wide in order to 'put over' this new monthly review. THE AMERICAN MERCURY made its record growth because intelligent readers in every part of the country were eager for just such a magazine; ready for salty reality after too much romance; ready for unsentimental sense as a relief from downy optimism; ready for straight talking, for clear thinking, for high good humor and keen, irreverent wit.

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Points of View

Hobo Type Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

As a typographer who has always had a warm spot in his heart for Hobo type—that very much misunderstood under-dog of type-faces—it was with less amusement than pain that I read in your issue of January 30th, A. C. Laing's arraignment of that honest though lowly face.

Mr. Laing is perhaps an enthusiast whom it would be worth while to set aright. Obviously, he is not today an active worker with types; for most typographers know that the type-face, unless hopelessly grotesque, is not as important as the use to which it is put, or, in other words, the manner in which it is arranged.

To both designers and lovers of fine books this truth is perhaps not so apparent as to the students of the advertisement. To the former the type-face means much, since the art of the book places rigid restriction upon its devotees; but to the latter craftsmen, the ingenuity and dexterity with which they solve the advertiser's typographic problem is everything. To this function the term 'layout" is applied. And it was the late Benjamin Sherbow, the great type expert, who once said that he would undertake to set a jeweler's advertising matter in Cheltenham Bold, a type usually associated with coarse, heavy products. I believe that he very likely would have accomplished it successfully; for, as has been intimated, it is all a matter of layout or arrangement.

Now Hobo type, if it belongs anywhere, belongs in the realm of the advertisement, and not in the ash can, as Mr. Laing implies. Advertising agencies spend thousands annually for hand-lettered headlines in order to avoid the unyielding stiffness of the traditional roman (and italic) types in current use. Hobo is just such an unorthodox typographic version of the alphabet as the agencies are striving in their own way to produce.

Hobo type depends on no forebears to give it authenticity; rather it stands as a break with tradition—a symbol of a new, independent idea in typography. Nothing has come out of Europe lately in typophic design can compare with it in finality and daring of conception, and ingenuity of execution. And this is an American product of some sixteen years ago!

Like another extremely valuable type-face, Cheltenham Bold, Hobo has fared badly at the hands of American printers, being used too little (and that little without understanding), while Cheltenham Bold has been used too much. Though the American Typefounders Company reports a steady sale of Hobo type since it was first cut in 1910, this merely indicates that small-town printers in this country are using it in undistinguished job printing of all kinds and that advertising agencies (who direct styles in these matters), have for some reason passed it by. But Cheltenham Bold, possibly because it retains a structural relationship with the roman tradition, they have greeted with open arms until its abuse in recent years was apparent.

In reality, the sturdy, smooth Cheltenham Bold is coarse, crude, almost vulgar, in comparison with the adroit and flexible Hobo. I am not ashamed of a taste in types, which, among other things, rejoices in the lovely blackness, the stimulating charm of Hobo word-forms.

Today a new situation has arisen which may in time bring the lowly Hobo—and perhaps even its cousin-in-distress, the shaggy Roycroft—into popular favor. It is the importation of European types, notably, French and German faces, which advertisers see as novel and commendable devices with which to attract attention to their wares. This time it is the printers who have taken the initiative, competition being what it is, by striving to be the first to obtain these faces.

The new types are for the most part free from the severity of the traditional roman, and consequently different from the types to which the American reader has become accustomed. One can almost predict the rush that would ensue if this same neglected Hobo were to come to us down the gang-plank, rechristened, let us say, "Persephone." Advertising art directors would praise its German postery quality, department stores would be quick to notice its blackness, brilliance, and legibility, three desirable virtues in main display lines. And the numerals they would find excellent for indicating prices.

And for all we know, it may have been some German artist who was originally responsible for the design of Hobo. I wish his name might be ascertained; for this is how Hobo came to be cut as a type-face:

Hobo is based on the original logotype or nameplate of the Colgate Company. Seeing it for the first time in the magazines, it occurred to officials of the American Typefounders Company that a type design might be produced in that style. Accordingly, the Colgate artist was commissioned to undertake the task. But after the drawings were made and the type cut and cast, the company began to have its doubts as to the merits of this unusual face. Consequently, they were hard put to it to find a suitable name for it. After discussion it appeared that the nameless design had only one friend in the company, a high official who was confident that the type would have a ready sale. And so, more in jest than in earnest, since the new type was almost friendless in the world, it was suggested, "Why not call it Hobo?" And Hobo it remains to this day. An undignified name, certainly, and lowbrow enough to suit popular American taste, but the baffling thing about it was (and still is) that most printers found it so unusual, so out-of-the-common, that they did not know whether they liked it or not.

Perhaps this is the case with Mr. Laing, who seeks to convince himself by cataloguing a list of its "defects," upon none of which I can agree with him. The design must be taken as a whole; and a glance at any word set up in Hobo will easily disprove the statement that it lacks harmony "under all possible combinations of letters." On the contrary, the word "with" in lower case is a concise and pleasing picture; while capitalized words, taken at random, such as "lifetime" and "Mark" and "Twain" and even "William" in spite of the spaces resulting from its two l's, are all fine, legible eyefuls.

Why, then, term it "the onion of type fonts," simply because one has not the talent to appreciate it? To me, rather, it is a strange, fascinating bon-bon of types, savored by a few, perhaps, and to which, like olives, one must become accustomed.

And as to Mr. Laing's substitutes, they really cannot be considered seriously. There must be some mistake, for there is no Bodoni Swash, unless he means two other types. Of his other selections, only Goudy—(I take it Goudy Bold is meant, for Hobo is a bold face and should be compared with bold types which are intended for the same use, namely, for display purposes)—is a valid one. The rest of his selections are, I regret to say, mere shadows, uncertain ghosts—to the typographer of today—of a long-passed, less auspicious Time in typography.

ALBERT SCHILLER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Hootch Face"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I have read with ever deepening interest the letter in your issue of January 30 from A. C. Laing on the subject of Hobo type. With his horticultural similes I find myself not wholly in agreement, leaning, as I do, more toward Mark Twain's opinion of onions.

It is on the subject of type, however, that Mr. Laing is to be taken seriously. But how seriously only those who, like him, have pored long and earnestly over old specimen books can understand. Only the slave of the composing-stick and type-case can appreciate the thrill of the old, familiar faces. Yet even so discriminating a critic as Mr. Laing is a bit lax in his nomenclature, and I am glad to be able to gloss his catalogue of preferred type faces.

Goudy: what a picture that brings up of the advertising pages! But does Mr. Laing really refer to Goudy as a specific or a generic name? Which of the fifty-seven varieties of Goudy does he refer to—Cadmus, Hadriano, Forum, Modern, Old Style, Italian—which is the Goudy type of his panegyric?

Bodoni Swash: This I take to be an error by the Demon Linotyper for "Bodoni a-wash"—the style with the flattened seraphs—used in soap and washing-powder advertisements.

Florentine Old Face Number 2: this face which greets us on every hand calls for no comment by me.

Renner: this absurdly quaint delightful fanciful type of Mr. De Vinne's gayer mood it is good to meet again by name. But why does not Mr. Laing urge the use of the famous under-dotted letters—so bizarre a variant for the time worn italics of our youth.

Troy and Chaucer: How good it is to see these types again mentioned! But does Mr. Laing mean that these good types are again available—this time for printing advertisements of Ivory Soap and Listerine, we suppose; or have the trustees of the types sanctioned their use for limited editions of "Manhattan Transfer" and the bulletins of the National Manufacturers Association? What a joy to the Master of the Kelmscott Press!

And Borussian (short for Hoborussian). What dim memories that conjured up! Back over the types of my early manhood and adolescence memory chased, old type-faces passing in review like a motion picture film. At last I found it—on page 576 of the specimen book of 1896—its last appearance on any stage. It has a pseudo-Bolshevik look, however, and would never do for pronunciamentos of the Department of State.

One type face I fear Mr. Laing has never seen; it was devised by my friend Gortner some months ago, and if I am any judge of typographic design as suggested by Mr. Laing, it will soon sweep the printing offices like a storm. It is indeed worthy to be placed with Bodoni Swash and Borussian, and I am privileged to show it here for the first time in public. It follows below.

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS.

At the Sign of the Chorobates,
New Haven.

HoW i CAmE to DeSIgn tHE "hooTCH" FAcE

Inspired by the sight of A altimore printer who kept his type in A bOot aNd when he received an order dumped the type aND sEt up the job from the pile the writer conceived the wonderful face shown here. Through the co-operation of the gUmatype Company matrices have been cUt and, kangaroo-like, the Art Preservative takes a long jump forward. noTe the lovely curves of the o's, the perfectly spiffy tails of the Y's, reminding one of Kipling's "brother, your tail hangs down behind." Collins, gaudy, and bill Rogers are enchanted with the beauty of the design. They term it the last word in type design—a splendDid eXample of the early Irish Renaissance, With a slight flavor of gUttenberg, N. J., This Creation is sold by the pint or quart. Write for sPecial quotationS in CasE loTs, f. o. b.; GreenfielD, Mass.

American Drama

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In squaring up the accounts of the old year, I should like to spend a few minutes rescuing the "last thirty years" of American drama from the blight of your critic's remarks that they constitute "a singularly barren period." This stricture occurred in a recent review of my "Representative American Dramas: National and Local." It is a curiously unthinking discard of much sincere striving after better technique, deeper native *locale*, and sounder characterization. Such a statement brushes aside the period 1895-1925—a period of decided flowering—especially if compared with all the fustian and imitation, according to French and German models, which we called American Drama in the thirty years preceding, from 1865 to 1895. The fact of the matter is the period your critic deplores is the best period of playwriting in our dramatic history.

I believe I say this from evidence and with no desire to boost the home product because it is native. I have always been a severe critic of our national limitations, where the theatre is concerned. I have, in a recent book, "The American Dramatist," deplored our lack of understanding of the Tragic Spirit in daily life. I have scored our clever comedies for their failure to benefit by the true richness of the Comic Spirit. I have repeatedly emphasized the lack of consuming idea in our playwrights, their failure to "follow through," their inability for the most part to see life deeply and to see it whole.

But the period so fliply turned aside by your unsigned critic has given us such dramas as Landon Mitchell's "The New York Idea," Hazelton and Benrimo's "The Yellow Jacket," Moody's "The Great Divide," Kelly's "The Show-Off" and "Craig's Wife," Charles Kenyon's "Kindling," Jesse Lynch Williams's "Why Marry?" Frank Craven's "The First Year," Philip Barry's "You and I," George Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate," Elmer Rice's "The Adding Machine," A. E. Thomas's "Her Husband's Wife," and a host of other plays I cannot take the space to mention. If your critic demands of the present exponents of drama insight to the same degree that he demands of Eugene O'Neill, whom he mildly slaps and patronizes, I ask him to mention in his previous thirty years any dramatists who have shown even as much striving after insight. And to O'Neill's side of the case I could bring Lee Wilson Dodd, Lawson, Susan Glaspell, and others constituting a formidable roster with which to face the coming 1926 confidently.

The last thirty years have to their credit Fitch's "The Girl with the Green Eyes" and "The Truth," and may claim all of Augustus Thomas from "Arizona" on through "The Witching Hour." And so even in our immediate past there might be found commendable dramas to warm our hopes from the chill blast of your critic's scorn.

Your reviewer did find in my collection of plays a sufficient proof that since 1895 our dramatic architecture has improved. Charles Hoyt does not "articulate" well; neither does Edward Harrigan. But the plays of this generation are "barren" as compared with those of an earlier generation. Is Frank Murdock's "Davy Crockett" better than "The Great Divide?" Are the Belasco-DeMille plays, "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," "Men and Women," better than "The New York Idea?" Have the old Yankee plays any of the humanity underlying the best in James A. Herne? Has your critic read any of Daly's adaptations?

I am as eager as your reviewer that our dramatists should show greater imagination, insight, power, truth, and substance. But I will not assert that those characteristics are more evident in our drama of 1865-1895 than of 1895-1925. Where are those plays of yester' year?

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

New York.

The New Books

Religion

(*Continued from page* 580)

A MODERNIST AND HIS CREED. By *Edward Mortimer Chapman.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
IN HOC SIGNO. By *Jacob O. Bilder.* Social Science.

Science

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By *William North Rice.* Abingdon. 50 cents.
THE RIGID AIRSHIP. By *E. H. Lewitt.* New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons. $8.50.
SINS OF SCIENCE. By *Scudder Klyce.* Marshall Jones. $3.
THE GEOMETRY OF RENE DESCARTES. Translated by *David Eugene Smith and Marcia L. Latham.* Open Court. $4.
AN INTRODUCTION TO EARTH HISTORY. By *Hervey Woodburn Shimer.* Ginn.
EVOLUTION AND GENETICS. By *Thomas Hunt Morgan.* Princeton University Press. $2 net.
SCIENCE AND THE MODERN WORLD. By *A. N. Whitehead.* Macmillan. $3.
THE COMING FAITH. By *R. F. Foster.* Dodd, Mead. $2.
THROUGH SCIENCE TO GOD. By *Floyd L. Darrow.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

Travel

NICE TO EVIAN. By HENRI FERRAND. The Medici Society. 1925. $2.50.
THE DOLOMITES. By GABRIEL FAURE. The same.

These two volumes added to the Medici Society series known as "The Picture Guides" differ in several respects from the mass of travel books. They are primarily "picture guides," yet they contain adequate and well-written text. Furthermore, if one is going from Nice to Evian, or from any part of the French Riviera to Switzerland, it is convenient to have a book devoted solely to that region. Similarly, the traveller through the Dolomites is relieved not to have to take with him a cumbersome volume on the whole of Northern Italy.

The illustrations are printed with the text so that the reader is not confused with inserts, and reproduction is uniformly good. In the French volume, however, the ink used in printing the photographs is what we may call, in this case, decidedly "off-color," and detracts in no small measure from the otherwise artistic merits of the book. The result is a bad purple instead of the tested sepia used in the other volumes.

The Nice-Evian Route, the *route des Alps*, is described with the intention of aiding the tourist who takes the actual trip. The excursion, by automobile, is broken by overnight stops at Barcelonnette, Briançon, Grenoble, St. Jean de Maurienne, Annecy, and Chamonix, and a variety of information given in regard to the traversed section of Provence, Dauphiné, and Savoie.

The popularity of the Dolomite district, following its post-war Italianization, adds considerably to the interest of Gabriel Faure's pleasant study. M. Faure knew the Dolomites under the Austrian yoke but the present volume records the experiences of a more recent trip. There are pages about the alluring country around Trento, Bolzano, and Cortina d'Ampezzo, and a description of the war-torn Piave-Adige section. A chapter on "The Land of Titian" gives the author an opportunity to get into the field of art, where he is no stranger, and there is considerably more literary flavor in "The Dolomites" than one finds in its companion volume which serves a more practical purpose.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

SALE OF AMERICANA

RARE Americana including the collection of the late A. R. Turner, Jr., and selections from the collection of the late Charles A. Munn, consisting of books, autographs, documents, and manuscripts were sold at the American Art Galleries January 21 and 22, many rarities bringing very high prices. A few of the rarer lots and the prices realized were the following:

Arnold (Benedict). A. L. S. 2 pp., folio, Headquarters, Robinson House, West Point, August 23, 1870, mentions the chain across the Hudson River, $1,175.

Arnold. A. L. S., 3 pp., folio, London, January 30, 1783, narration of his treason. $3,900.

Indian Deed. Original deed from Wehanownowit, the Indian Sagamore, to Rev. John Wheelwright, his brother-in-law Samuel Hutchinson, Darby Field, and others, the founders of Exeter, N. H., of the land on which the town was built. 1 p., folio, April 3, 1638. $3,050.

Lincoln (Abraham). Original subscription book for facsimile of Emancipation Proclamation, signed by Abraham Lincoln, as the first subscriber, by members of his cabinet, and by members of Congress. 58 pp., 12 mo. morocco. $1,050.

Lincoln. Inaugural Address issued as an extra sheet with the *Champion* for March 5, 1861, 1 p. folio. $1,100.

New England Witchcraft. Manuscript document, being the examination of Abagail Hobbs at Salem Village, April 19, 1692, by John Hathorne, and others, 2 pp., folio, a document of great rarity. $1,050.

New York Laws, 1694, small folio, morocco, New York, 1694, William Bradford imprint. $1,800.

New York City. The Bradford Map, a plan of New York from actual survey, made by John Lyne, the earliest, rarest, and most interesting map of New York City. Formerly in the William Loring Andrews collection. $7,600.

Rochambeau (Count). Letter partly in cypher signed, 6 pp., folio, Williamsburgh, January 22, 1782. To General Nathaniel Greene, also an A. L. S. of General Greene, 4 pp., 4to, Headquarters, March 10, 1782, in reply to Count Rochambeau's letter. $4,900.

Saint Memin. Remarkable series of 224 portraits by Saint Memin, many of which were the property of the engraver himself. $4,100.

Franklin (Benjamin). A. D. S., 2 pp. folio, Philadelphia, November 14, 1732. A document of the greatest importance being memorandum of agreement between the directors of the Library Company of Philadelphia, the first subscription library of the world, and Louis Timothee the first librarian to be employed. The document is entirely in the handwriting of Franklin and signed by seven other directors. $2,500.

Lynch (Thomas). Autograph signature, "T. Lynch, Junr." written on the title page of "The Tragedies of Sophocles, from the Greek," London, 1759. Next to Button Gwinnett, the rarest of the Signers. $1,800.

Washington. Oliver Goldsmith's "History of the Earth, and Animated Nature," Vol. III, 9vo, calf, London, 1779. Washington's copy with his bookplate and autograph signature on the title page. $1,800.

MANNING SALE COMPLETED

PART II of the autograph collection formed by the late Col. James H. Manning, of Albany, N. Y., consisting of American, English, and Continental autographs, literary and historical, including royalty and the World War, was sold at the Anderson Galleries February 1, 2 and 3, 750 lots bringing $18,629.75. A few of the rarer lots and the prices realized were the following: manuscript of Edwin Arnold's "China and the Powers," 12 pp., 4to and folio, probably written for the lecture delivered in America in 1884, $31; A. L. S. of Robert Burns, 2 pp., 4to, Ellisland, August 29, 1790, $540; A. L. S. of Lord Byron, 1 p., 8vo, Albaro, May 1, 1823, to Lady Blesington, $430; A. L. S. of S. T. Coleridge, 3 pp., 4to, Keswick, September 17, 1800, $180; A. L. S. of Charles Dickens, 2 pp., 8vo, November 24, 1857, in regard to Christmas number of *Household Words*, $150; A. L. S. of Charles Lamb, 1 p., 8vo., n.p., n.d., enclosing lecture tickets to Coleridge, $140; A. L. in the third person by Jean Paul Marat, 1 p., 4to, August 22, 1779, written to Franklin, $380; A. L. S. of Marie Antoinette, 1 p., small 4to, n.p., n.d., $305; manuscript note book of Cotton Mather, 290 pp., small 8vo, bound in old calf, $480; A. L. S. of Edgar Allan Poe, 1 p., 4to, Philadelphia, December 6, 1839, a pathetic letter to his creditor, $500; A. L. S. of Alexander Pope, 2 pp., 8vo, November 9, 1719, in regard to the Iliad, $260; A. L. S. of Robert Louis Stevenson, 1 p., folio, at Sea near Sydney, February, 1890, $310; A. L. S. of Alfred Tennyson, 1 p., 12mo, June, 1857, to Thackeray, with a four line note signed with initials in monogram by Thackeray, sent to Bayard Taylor, who framed it with a portrait of the poet, $700; A. L. S. of James McNeil Whistler, 4 pp., oblong 16mo, Chelsea, 1891, to George W. Smalley, in regard to the French government purchasing his picture, $160; manuscript of Walt Whitman, signed, "A Death Sonnet for Custer," 1 p., 4to, $105.

A NEW PRIVATE PRESS

SPENCER KELLOGG, JR., announces the founding of the Aries Press for the printing of fine limited editions; the Press's imprint will read "Aries Press, Village of Eden, New York." Sometime ago Mr. Kellogg acquired the hand press on which William Morris printed the Kelmscott Chaucer, which is enough to indicate that his love of fine printing comes from an inspiring source. His first publication will be Richard Middleton's "The Ghost Ship," limited to 275 copies, printed on English all rag handmade paper, in Caslon type. Other contemplated works are a long selection from Morris's "Earthly Paradise," Marcel Schob's "Mimes," and Jose Maria Heredia's "The Trophies." Explaining his aims Mr. Kellogg says:

"I think there is a place in the world and a useful job for the man who produces beautiful things. I realize that I am no genius or artist myself but if my work and expenditure aided others in the production of something of lasting beauty I would conclude that I had succeeded. I am not mediævalist and I have no grievance against the present or its methods, but after all the great satisfaction in doing a thing was taken away when it became unnecessary to do it with our own hands. The wonder is that there are any craftsmen at all. But there are craftsmen still in our trades. At the Aries Press we are going to take advantage of the best talent we can obtain whether from near or afar. We are going to make fine books for those who appreciate them. And through the medium of fine books we hope to bring back to the attention of the appreciative some beautiful bits of literature which have become forgotten in our vast production of books." This announcement rings true and many lovers of fine printing will wish Mr. Kellogg success and will wish to keep in touch with what he is doing.

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WE are in receipt of *This Quarter* (No. 2), a remarkable orange and black anthology in paper covers, edited and published in Milan, Italy. The editors are *Ernest Walsh* and *Ethel Moorhead*. * * * "This number," says the inside cover, "is not complete without the Antheil musical supplement Which is included in the price And is not sold separately." * * * "Antheil" is the work of *George Antheil*, dated June, 1925, in Paris. It consists of compositions dating 1918-1920, 1922, 1923, and 1924-1925. * * * The latest composition is entitled "Mr. Bloom and the Cyclops," a work upon the "Cyclops" episode in *James Joyce's* "Ulysses." * * * Some of the sideline instructions for the rendition of this piece include "16 mechanical pianos operated from master roll and controlled from switchboard," "8 xylophones controlled from switchboard," "Amplified Gramaphone containing all of the ordinary orchestral instruments registered upon gramaphone record—amplified and controlled from switchboard," "Bass drums," "Electric Buzzers," "pieces of steel," "Electric Motor (wood attachment)," Electric Motor (steel attachment)," and so on. * * * But, turning from music, of which we know nothing, we come to Ethel Moorhead's frontispiece to the literary anthology. It is a drawing of *Emanuel Carnevali*. It faces Cantos XVII-XIX by *Ezra Pound*. Then Emanuel himself discusses "Girls," in certain poems. He has the girls lettered A, B, C, D, E, F. He doesn't discuss them as kindly as *Raymond Knister* discusses horses. * * * He calls them names. *Ernest Walsh* also writes poetry. * * * *Leon Herald Srabiam* and *Robert Roe* are other poets. * * * And here is *Carl Sandburg*—old Carl! * * * Then come some new photographs of Joyce, making him look like an over-wearied interne, of *Ernest Hemingway*, of *George Antheil*, and a "reproduction of an oil painting" of *Padraic Colum*. Only it couldn't have been an oil painting. It was obviously a drawing. * * * Then an "Extract from Work in Progress," by James Joyce. Then, among others, some *McAlmon*, some *Djuna Barnes*, some *Hemingway*, some *Moorhead*, a miscellany containing some letters from Ernest Walsh. * * * Here we may well pause * * * As we have examined Mr. Walsh's celebration of himself in this section of the fat volume, mixed with turgid rodomontade concerning the few contemporary writers he considers worthy, we are partly disgusted and partly entertained. * * * What an exhibition! * * * Granted that Ernest Hemingway may have considerable merit as a writer, how one is put off by Mr. Walsh's illiterate first sentence in his review of Hemingway:

> The first impression one gets on reading a story of Hemingway is that this writer has been getting ready inside himself and outside himself for a long time before he began to write for the good job of writing.

If a freshman began a theme with such sheer bosh he would quite properly have it blue-pencilled. * * * We pluck other plums from Mr. Walsh's excursions into "criticism." * * * "I wanted to say that McAlmon observed like a gentleman observes," "I can outwrite in his own medium any critic alive. And I can beat him with his own tools. But I am not the best critic alive," "His stories are a triumph over material. He has accepted his world," "behind each word in a Hemingway story Hemingway was thinking of more than grammar and publishers when he put it down," "I would say that Carnevali is the Keats of today but that is not quite true. He has more to say than Keats. He is more important than Keats." * * * One could multiply instances indefinitely. In fact, Mr. Walsh is a master of unconscious humor. He refers to *Dean Inge* as a "pew-mate" of *G. K. Chesterton*. He speaks of a "trail-blazing angle." He calls *Thomas Hardy* an "almighty bore." He calls *W. B. Yeats* "a fake Irish poet." He says McAlmon is "bigger and better than *Mark Twain*." He asks *Harriet Monroe*, "Doesn't anyone ever give you the straight stuff. (period) Except Pound." * * * Mr. Ernest Walsh has done an incalculable disservice to the group of writers he has edited and anthologized. He is a third-rate writer with an enormously swollen ego. His mind is that of an excited sophomore. * * * We should not be so severe with him, save that he has swaggered and stuck out his tongue and called names through many pages of this collection of his contemporaries. * * * He has obscured for us whatever merits they may have by his palpable ignorance and insensitiveness, by his big empty ballyhoo and his orgy of overstatement. * * * Mr. Walsh's opinions are of no possible interest save as they have served to irritate us with the group for which he is spokesman. * * * And that is not fair. * * * Of the new and tentative writers in this group we remember Miss *Kay Boyle* when she was an assistant editor of *Broom*. Her little story in *This Quarter* is a sincere attempt to portray a mood of an artist. *James Joyce* is, of course, a genius who adds lustre to this collection. *Carl Sandburg's* reputation is established. We have yet to read anything of *Robert McAlmon's* in prose that will convince us of anything but his dulness. *Emanuel Carnevali's* poems here present we heartily dislike. *Ezra Pound's* cantos seem to us still-born, as his former cantos seemed. * * * We have yet to examine detachedly the work of Mr. Ernest Hemingway. * * * Some of Mr. Walsh's poems have beauty, some are just rot. But it is disappointing in the extreme that an egocentric young person so completely void of any critical faculty as is young Mr. Walsh should have been intrusted with the editorship of a volume which may well contain some notable work by modern individualists. * * * We have found him so preposterous that we have not yet read the volume he edits. * * * Let us turn away to the first number of Volume Four of *The New Criterion*. This is an interesting quarterly review, edited by Mr. *T. S. Eliot* and published by Faber & Gwyer, Limited, at 24, Russell Square, London, W.C.1. Those of our readers who collect the best literary periodicals should certainly subscribe. * * * *The New Criterion* is liberal enough to print the work of *Gertrude Stein*, work which we shall never be able to regard as anything but futile. In this number, however, are also "A French Criticism of Newman," by *Frederic Manning*, a story by *Aldous Huxley*, an essay by *Virginia Woolf*, the second instalment of *D. H. Lawrence's* "The Woman Who Rode Away," contributions by *Jean Cocteau* and *John Gould Fletcher*, and a leading article by Mr. Eliot himself on "The Idea of a Literary Review." * * * Mr. Eliot says some sound and valuable things. "A review should be an organ of documentation. That is to say, the bound volumes of a decade should represent the development of the keenest sensibility and the clearest thought of ten years. Even a single number should attempt to illustrate, within its limits, the time and the tendencies of the time. It should have a value over and above the aggregate value of the individual contributions. Its contents should exhibit heterogeneity which the intelligent reader can resolve into order." * * * And again, "The miscellaneous review is negative: the review which propagates the ideas of a single man, or the views and fancies of a small group, is more evidently obnoxious. In the realm of action, of political or theological controversy, a small and compact body of troops, or even a single leader, may accomplish useful work. But in the world of ideas, no individual, no small group, is ever good enough or wise enough to deserve such license. Of messianic literature we have sufficient." * * * He comes to the conclusion that we must "form a literary review, not merely on literature, but on what we may suppose to be the interests of any intelligent person with literary taste." In the choice of contributors, he says, "our catholicity must be ordered and rational, not heterogene and miscellaneous," and warns that the review must "protect its disinterestedness, must avoid the temptation ever to appeal to any social, political, or theological prejudices." * * * He is averse to stating a program or erecting a platform. Tendency only must be evident. He believes that today there is "a tendency toward a higher and clearer conception of Reason, and a more severe and serene control of the emotions by Reason." * * * After having examined Mr. Ernest Walsh, what a relief it is to listen to Mr. T. S. Eliot speaking with ordinary intelligence! The "severe and serene control of the emotions by Reason," a catholicity "ordered and rational," the protection of disinterestedness, —these are, most certainly, necessities in the practice of criticism, in the analysis of contemporary writing. These are principles to which one must cleave. * * * We realize that we have been "severe" but not altogether "serene" in our treatment of Mr. Walsh! * * * And we apologize for having devoted our entire column this week to the discussion of two periodicals. * * * But they illustrate two distinct modern tendencies. And we do *detest* the half-baked and the ill-digested. * * * And so, adieu!

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